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SOUTHEY'S

POETICAL WORKS.

LONDON:
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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq.

POET LAUREATE,

AND MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SPANISH ACADEMY.

VOL. XII.

54076

MINOR POEMS.

VOL. 2.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

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Hymn

to the

Penates.

Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me.

The words of Agur.

ΟΙΚΟΙ βελτερον ειναι επει βλαβερον το πυρηφι.

ΗΣΙΟΔΟΣ.

HYMN TO THE PENATES.

YET one Song more! one high and solemn strain,
Ere, Phœbus! on thy temple's ruin'd wall
I hang the silent harp: there may its strings,
When the rude tempest shakes the aged pile,
Make melancholy music. One Song more!
PENATES! hear me! for to you I hymn
The votive lay; whether, as sages deem,
Ye dwell in the inmost * Heaven, the COUNSELLORS†
Of JOVE; or if, SUPREME OF DEITIES,
All things are yours, and in your holy train
JOVE proudly ranks, and JUNO, white-arm'd Queen,

* Hence one explanation of the name Penates, because they were supposed to reign in the inmost heavens.

† This was the belief of the ancient Hetrusci, who called them Concertes and Complices.

And wisest of Immortals, the dread Maid
ATHENIAN PALLAS. Venerable Powers!
Hearken your hymn of praise! Though from your rites
Estranged, and exiled from your altars long,
I have not ceased to love you, HOUSEHOLD GODS!
In many a long and melancholy hour
Of solitude and sorrow, hath my heart
With earnest longings pray'd to rest at length
Beside your hallow'd hearth ... for PEACE is there!

Yes, I have loved you long! I call on you
Yourselves to witness with what holy joy,
Shunning the common herd of human kind,
I have retired to watch your lonely fires
And commune with myself. Delightful hours,
That gave mysterious pleasure, made me know
Mine inmost heart, its weakness and its strength,
Taught me to cherish with devoutest care
Its strange unworldly feelings, taught me too
The best of lessons—*to respect myself.*

Nor have I ever ceased to reverence you,
DOMESTIC DEITIES! from the first dawn
Of reason, through the adventurous paths of youth
Even to this better day, when on mine ear
The uproar of contending nations sounds
But like the passing wind, and wakes no pulse
To tumult. When a child—(and still I love
To dwell with fondness on my childish years,)
When first a little one, I left my home,
I can remember the first grief I felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed my front
With feelings not its own: sadly at night
I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth;
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
First wet with tears my pillow. As I grew
In years and knowledge, and the course of Time
Develop'd the young feelings of my heart,
When most I loved in solitude to rove
Amid the woodland gloom; or where the rocks
Darken'd old Avon's stream, in the ivied cave
Recluse to sit and brood the future song,—

Yet not the less, PENATES, loved I then
Your altars; not the less at evening hour
Delighted by the well-trimm'd fire to sit,
Absorb'd in many a dear deceitful dream
Of visionary joys: deceitful dreams, ..
And yet not vain; for, painting purest bliss,
They form'd to Fancy's mould her votary's heart.

By Cherwell's sedgy side, and in the meads
Where Isis in her calm clear stream reflects
The willow's bending boughs, at early dawn,
In the noon-tide hour, and when the night-mist rose,
I have remember'd you; and when the noise
Of lewd Intemperance on my lonely ear
Burst with loud tumult, as recluse I sate,
Pondering on loftiest themes of man redeem'd
From servitude, and vice, and wretchedness,
I blest you, HOUSEHOLD GODS! because I loved
Your peaceful altars and serener rites.
Nor did I cease to reverence you, when driven
Amid the jarring crowd, an unfit man

To mingle with the world; still, still my heart
Sigh'd for your sanctuary, and inly pined;
And, loathing human converse, I have stray'd
Where o'er the sea-beach chilly howl'd the blast,
And gazed upon the world of waves, and wish'd
That I were far beyond the Atlantic deep,
In woodland haunts, a sojourner with PEACE.

Not idly did the poets dream of old,
Who peopled earth with Deities. They trod
The wood with reverence where the DRYADS dwelt;
At day's dim dawn or evening's misty hour
They saw the OREADS on their mountain haunts,
And felt their holy influence; nor impure
Of thought, or ever with polluted hands *

Μηδε ποτ' αεναων ποταμων καλλιρροον υδωρ
Ποσσι περαν, πριν γ' ευξη ιδων εις καλα ρεεθρα,
Χειρας νιψαμενος πολυηρατω υδατι λευκω
Ος ποταμον διαβη, κακοτητι δε χειρας ανιπτος,
Τωδε θεοι νεμεσωσι, και αλγεα δωκαν οπισσω.
ΗΣΙΟΔΟΣ.

Touch'd they without a prayer the NAIAD's spring:
Yet was their influence transient; such brief awe
Inspiring as the thunder's long loud peal
Strikes to the feeble spirit. HOUSEHOLD GODS,
Not such your empire! in your votaries' breasts
No momentary impulse ye awake;
Nor fleeting, like their local energies,
The deep devotion that your fanes impart.
O ye whom YOUTH has wilder'd on your way,
Or VICE with fair-mask'd foulness, or the lure
Of FAME that calls ye to her crowded path
With FOLLY's rattle, to your HOUSEHOLD GODS
Return; for not in VICE's gay abodes,
Not in the unquiet unsafe halls of Fame
Doth HAPPINESS abide! O ye who weep
Much for the many miseries of Mankind,
More for their vices; ye whose honest eyes
Frown on OPPRESSION, — ye whose honest hearts
Beat high when FREEDOM sounds her dread alarm;
O ye who quit the path of peaceful life
Crusading for mankind — a spaniel race

That lick the hand that beats them, or tear all
Alike in phrensy; to your HOUSEHOLD GODS
Return, for by their altars VIRTUE dwells,
And HAPPINESS with her; for by their fires
TRANQUILLITY, in no unsocial mood,
Sits silent, listening to the pattering shower;
For, so SUSPICION * sleep not at the gate
Of WISDOM, Falsehood shall not enter there.

As on the height of some huge eminence,
Reach'd with long labour, the way-faring man
Pauses awhile, and gazing o'er the plain
With many a sore step travell'd, turns him then
Serious to contemplate the onward road,
And calls to mind the comforts of his home,
And sighs that he has left them, and resolves

---

* Oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems. MILTON.

To stray no more: I on my way of life
Muse thus, PENATES, and with firmest faith
Devote myself to you. I will not quit,
To mingle with the crowd, your calm abodes,
Where by the evening hearth CONTENTMENT sits
And hears the cricket chirp; where Love delights
To dwell, and on your altars lays his torch
That burns with no extinguishable flame.

Hear me, ye POWERS benignant! there is one
Must be mine inmate, ... for I may not choose
But love him. He is one whom many wrongs
Have sicken'd of the world. There was a time
When he would weep to hear of wickedness,
And wonder at the tale; when for the opprest
He felt a brother's pity, to the oppressor
A good man's honest anger. His quick eye
Betray'd each rising feeling, every thought
Leapt to his tongue. When first among mankind
He mingled, by himself he judged of them,
And loved and trusted them, to Wisdom deaf,

And took them to his bosom. FALSEHOOD met
Her unsuspecting victim, fair of front,
And lovely as Apega's* sculptured form,
Like that false image caught his warm embrace,
And gored his open breast. The reptile race
Clung round his bosom, and with viper folds
Encircling, stung the fool who foster'd them.
His mother was SIMPLICITY, his sire
BENEVOLENCE; in earlier days he bore
His father's name; the world who injured him
Call him MISANTHROPY. I may not choose
But love him, HOUSEHOLD GODS! for we were nurst
In the same school.

PENATES! some there are
Who say, that not in the inmost heaven ye dwell,
Gazing with eye remote on all the ways

* One of the ways and means of the tyrant Nabis. If one of his subjects refused to lend him money, he commanded him to embrace his Apega; the statue of a beautiful Woman so formed as to clasp the victim to her breast, in which a pointed dagger was concealed.

Of man, his GUARDIAN GODS; wiselier they deem
A dearer interest to the human race
Links you, yourselves the SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.
No mortal eye may pierce the invisible world,
No light of human reason penetrate
The depth where Truth lies hid. Yet to this faith
My heart with instant sympathy assents;
And I would judge all systems and all faiths
By that best touchstone, from whose test DECEIT
Shrinks like the Arch-Fiend at Ithuriel's spear,
And SOPHISTRY's gay glittering bubble bursts,
As at the spousals of the Nereid's son,
When that false Florimel *, by her prototype

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragone
And trial whether should the honour get;
Streightway so soone as both together met,
The enchaunted damsell vanish'd into nought;
Her snowy substance melted as with heat;
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought
But the empty girdle which about her wast was wrought.
SPENSER.

Display'd in rivalry, with all her charms
Dissolved away.
Nor can the halls of Heaven
Give to the human soul such kindred joy,
As hovering o'er its earthly haunts it feels,
When with the breeze it wantons round the brow
Of one beloved on earth; or when at night
In dreams it comes, and brings with it the DAYS
And JOYS that are no more. Or when, perchance
With power permitted to alleviate ill
And fit the sufferer for the coming woe,
Some strange presage the SPIRIT breathes, and fills
The breast with ominous fear, and disciplines
For sorrow, pours into the afflicted heart
The balm of resignation, and inspires
With heavenly hope. Even as a child delights
To visit day by day the favourite plant
His hand has sown, to mark its gradual growth,
And watch all-anxious for the promised flower;
Thus to the blessed spirit in innocence

And pure affections like a little child,
Sweet will it be to hover o'er the friends
Beloved; then sweetest, if, as Duty prompts,
With earthly care we in their breasts have sown
The seeds of Truth and Virtue, holy flowers,
Whose odour reacheth Heaven.

When my sick Heart
(Sick* with hope long delay'd, than which no care
Weighs on the spirit heavier,) from itself
Seeks the best comfort, often have I deem'd
That thou didst witness every inmost thought,
SEWARD! my dear, dead friend! For not in vain,
O early summon'd on thy heavenly course!
Was thy brief sojourn here: me didst thou leave
With strengthen'd step to follow the right path

---

* Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

Proverbs.

Qua non gravior mortalibus addita cura,
SPES ubi longa venit.

STATIUS.

Till we shall meet again. Meantime I soothe
The deep regret of nature, with belief,
O EDMUND! that thine eye's celestial ken
Pervades me now, marking with no mean joy
The movements of the heart that loved thee well!

Such feelings Nature prompts, and hence your rites,
DOMESTIC GODS! arose. When for his son
With ceaseless grief Syrophanes bewail'd,
Mourning his age left childless, and his wealth
Heapt for an alien, he with obstinate eye
Still on the imaged marble of the dead
Dwelt, pampering sorrow. Thither from his wrath,
A safe asylum, fled the offending slave,
And garlanded the statue, and implored
His young lost lord to save: Remembrance then
Soften'd the father, and he loved to see
The votive wreath renew'd, and the rich smoke
Curl from the costly censer slow and sweet.
From Egypt soon the sorrow-soothing rites

Divulging spread; before your idol forms*
By every hearth the blinded Pagan knelt,
Pouring his prayers to these, and offering there
Vain sacrifice or impious, and sometimes
With human blood your sanctuary defiled:
Till the first Brutus, tyrant-conquering chief,
Arose; he first the impious rites put down,
He fitliest, who for FREEDOM lived and died,
The friend of humankind. Then did your feasts
Frequent recur and blameless; and when came
The solemn festival†, whose happiest rites
Emblem'd EQUALITY, the holiest truth!
Crown'd with gay garlands were your statues seen,
To you the fragrant censer smoked, to you
The rich libation flow'd: vain sacrifice!

---

* It is not certainly known under what form the Penates were worshipped. Some assert, as wooden or brazen rods shaped like trumpets; others, that they were represented as young men.

† The Saturnalia.

For not the poppy wreath nor fruits nor wine
Ye ask, PENATES! nor the altar cleansed
With many a mystic form; ye ask the heart
Made pure, and by domestic Peace and Love
Hallow'd to you.

Hearken your hymn of praise,
PENATES! to your shrines I come for rest,
There only to be found. Often at eve,
Amid my wanderings I have seen far off
The lonely light that spake of comfort there;
It told my heart of many a joy of home,
And my poor heart was sad. When I have gazed
From some high eminence on goodly vales
And cots and villages embower'd below,
The thought would rise that all to me was strange
Amid the scene so fair, nor one small spot
Where my tired mind might rest, and call it *home.*
There is a magic in that little word:
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond

The hallowed limit. Often has my heart
Ached for that quiet haven!—haven'd now,
I think of those in this world's wilderness
Who wander on and find no home of rest
Till to the grave they go! them POVERTY,
Hollow-eyed fiend, the child of WEALTH and POWER,
Bad offspring of worse parents, aye afflicts,
Cankering with her foul mildews the chill'd heart;..
Them WANT with scorpion scourge drives to the den
Of GUILT;..them SLAUGHTER for the price of death
Throws to her raven brood. Oh, not on them,
GOD OF ETERNAL JUSTICE! not on them
Let fall thy thunder!

HOUSEHOLD DEITIES!

Then only shall be Happiness on earth
When man shall feel your sacred power, and love
Your tranquil joys; then shall the city stand
A huge void sepulchre, and rising fair
Amid the ruins of the palace pile
The olive grow, there shall the TREE of PEACE

Strike its roots deep and flourish. This the state
Shall bless the race redeem'd of Man, when WEALTH
And POWER and all their hideous progeny
Shall sink annihilate, and all mankind
Live in the equal brotherhood of love.
Heart-calming hope, and sure! for hitherward
Tend all the tumults of the troubled world,
Its woes, its wisdom, and its wickedness
Alike: so He hath will'd, whose will is just.

Meantime, all hoping and expecting all
In patient faith, to you, DOMESTIC GODS!
I come, studious of other lore than song,
Of my past years the solace and support:
Yet shall my Heart remember the past years
With honest pride, trusting that not in vain
Lives the pure song of LIBERTY and TRUTH.

1796

METRICAL LETTER.

WRITTEN FROM LONDON.

MARGARET ! my Cousin, . . nay, you must not smile;
I love the homely and familiar phrase :
And I will call thee Cousin Margaret,
However quaint amid the measured line
The good old term appears. Oh ! it looks ill
When delicate tongues disclaim old terms of kin,
Sir-ing and Madam-ing as civilly
As if the road between the heart and lips
Were such a weary and Laplandish way,
That the poor travellers came to the red gates
Half frozen. Trust me, Cousin Margaret,
For many a day my Memory hath play'd
The creditor with me on your account,
And made me shame to think that I should owe

So long the debt of kindness. But in truth,
Like Christian on his pilgrimage, I bear
So heavy a pack of business, that albeit
I toil on mainly, in our twelve hours' race
Time leaves me distanced. Loth indeed were I
That for a moment you should lay to me
Unkind neglect; mine, Margaret, is a heart
That smokes not, yet methinks there should be some
Who know how warm it beats. I am not one
Who can play off my smiles and courtesies
To every Lady of her lap-dog tired
Who wants a play-thing; I am no sworn friend
Of half-an-hour, as apt to leave as love;
Mine are no mushroom feelings, which spring up
At once without a seed and take no root,
Wiseliest distrusted. In a narrow sphere,
The little circle of domestic life,
I would be known and loved: the world beyond
Is not for me. But, Margaret, sure I think
That you should know me well, for you and I
Grew up together, and when we look back

Upon old times, our recollections paint
The same familiar faces. Did I wield
The wand of Merlin's magic, I would make
Brave witchcraft. We would have a faery ship,
Aye, a new Ark, as in that other flood
Which cleansed the sons of Anak from the earth;
The Sylphs should waft us to some goodly isle
Like that where whilom old Appollidon
Built up his blameless spell; and I would bid
The Sea-Nymphs pile around their coral bowers,
That we might stand upon the beach, and mark
The far-off breakers shower their silver spray,
And hear the eternal roar, whose pleasant sound
Told us that never mariner should reach
Our quiet coast. In such a blessed isle
We might renew the days of infancy,
And Life like a long childhood pass away,
Without one care. It may be, Margaret,
That I shall yet be gather'd to my friends;
For I am not of those who live estranged
Of choice, till at the last they join their race

In the family-vault. If so, if I should lose,
Like my old friend the Pilgrim, this huge pack
So heavy on my shoulders, I and mine
Right pleasantly will end our pilgrimage.
If not, if I should never get beyond
This Vanity town, there is another world
Where friends will meet. And often, Margaret,
I gaze at night into the boundless sky,
And think that I shall there be born again,
The exalted native of some better star;
And, like the rude American, I hope
To find in Heaven the things I loved on earth.

1798.

Lyric Poems.

GOOSEBERRY-PIE.

A PINDARIC ODE.

GOOSEBERRY-PIE is best.
Full of the theme, O Muse, begin the song!
What though the sunbeams of the West
Mature within the Turtle's breast
Blood glutinous and fat of verdant hue?
What though the Deer bound sportively along
O'er springey turf, the Park's elastic vest?
Give them their honours due, . .
But Gooseberry-Pie is best.

Behind his oxen slow
The patient Ploughman plods,
And as the Sower followed by the clods
Earth's genial womb received the living seed.
The rains descend, the grains they grow;

Saw ye the vegetable ocean
Roll its green ripple to the April gale?
The golden waves with multitudinous motion
Swell o'er the summer vale?

It flows through Alder banks along
Beneath the copse that hides the hill;
The gentle stream you cannot see,
You only hear its melody,
The stream that turns the Mill.
Pass on a little way, pass on,
And you shall catch its gleam anon;
And hark! the loud and agonizing groan
That makes its anguish known,
Where tortured by the Tyrant Lord of Meal
The brook is broken on the Wheel!

Blow fair, blow fair, thou orient gale!
On the white bosom of the sail
Ye winds enamour'd, lingering lie!
Ye waves of ocean spare the bark,

Ye tempests of the sky!
From distant realms she comes to bring
The sugar for my Pie.
For this on Gambia's arid side
The Vulture's feet are scaled with blood,
And Beelzebub beholds with pride,
His darling planter brood.

First in the spring thy leaves were seen,
Thou beauteous bush, so early green!
Soon ceased thy blossoms little life of love.
O safer than Alcides-conquer'd tree
That grew the pride of that Hesperian grove,..
No Dragon does there need for thee
With quintessential sting to work alarms,
And guard thy fruit so fine,
Thou vegetable Porcupine!
And didst thou scratch thy tender arms,
O Jane! that I should dine!

The flour, the sugar, and the fruit,
Commingled well, how well they suit,
And they were well bestow'd.
O Jane, with truth I praise your Pie,
And will not you in just reply
Praise my Pindaric Ode?

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy Bee!
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the Cow from her resting place
Had risen up and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so gray,
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy Bee!
After the fall of the Cistus flower,
When the Primrose of evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;
In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy Bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent
What thy winter will never enjoy;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy Bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy Bee!
What is the end of thy toil.
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil.
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy Bee!

1799.

TO A SPIDER.

SPIDER! thou needst not run in fear about
To shun my curious eyes;
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out
Lest thou shouldst eat the flies;
Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd delight
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see,
For there is one who might
One day roast me.

Thou art welcome to a Rhymer sore-perplext,
The subject of his verse:
There's many a one who on a better text
Perhaps might comment worse.
Then shrink not, old Free-Mason, from my view,
But quietly like me spin out the line;
Do thou thy work pursue
As I will mine.

Weaver of snares, thou emblemest the ways
Of Satan, Sire of lies;
Hell's huge black Spider, for mankind he lays
His toils, as thou for flies.
When Betty's busy eye runs round the room,
Woe to that nice geometry if seen!
But where is he whose broom
The earth shall clean?

Spider! of old thy flimsy webs were thought,
And 'twas a likeness true,
To emblem laws in which the weak are caught,
But which the strong break through.
And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en,
Like some poor client is that wretched fly;
I'll warrant thee thou'lt drain
His life-blood dry.

And is not thy weak work like human schemes
And care on earth employ'd?

Such are young hopes and Love's delightful dreams
So easily destroyed!
So does the Statesman, whilst the Avengers sleep,
Self-deem'd secure, his wiles in secret lay,
Soon shall Destruction sweep
His work away.

Thou busy labourer! one resemblance more
Shall yet the verse prolong,
For, Spider, thou art, like the Poet, poor,
Whom thou hast help'd in song.
Both busily our needful food to win,
We work, as Nature taught, with ceaseless pains,
Thy bowels thou dost spin,
I spin my brains.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

THE rage of Babylon is roused,
The King puts forth his strength;
And Judah bends the bow
And points her arrows for the coming war.

Her walls are firm, her gates are strong,
Her youth gird on the sword;
High are her chiefs in hope,
For Egypt soon will send the promised aid.

But who is he whose voice of woe
Is heard amid the streets?
Whose ominous voice proclaims
Her strength and arms and promised succours vain?

His meagre cheek is pale and sunk,
Wild is his hollow eye,
Yet fearful its strong glance;
And who could bear the anger of his frown?

Prophet of God! in vain thy lips
Proclaim the woe to come!
In vain thy warning voice
Summon'd her rulers timely to repent!

The Ethiop changes not his skin.
Impious and idiot still
The rulers spurn thy voice,
And now the measure of their crimes is full.

And now around Jerusalem
The countless foes appear;
Far as the eye can reach
Spreads the wide horror of the circling siege.

Why is the warrior's cheek so pale?
Why droops the gallant youth
Who late so high of heart
Made sharp his javelin for the welcome war?

'Tis not for terror that his eye
Swells with the struggling woe;
Oh! he could bear his ills,
Or rush to death and in the grave have peace.

His parents do not ask for food,
But they are weak with want;
His wife has given her babes
Her wretched meal,..she utters no complaint.

'The consummating hour is come!
Alas for Solyma!
How is she desolate,..
She that was great among the nations, fallen!

And thou.. thou miserable King..
Where is thy trusted flock,
Thy flock so beautiful,
Thy father's throne, the temple of thy God?

Repentance calls not back the past;
It will not wake again
Thy murdered sons to life,
Or bring back vision to thy blasted sight!

Thou wretched, childless, blind, old man..
Heavy thy punishment!
Dreadful thy present woes..
Alas more dreadful thy remember'd guilt!

1798.

THE DEATH OF WALLACE.

Joy, joy in London now!
He goes, the rebel Wallace goes to death,
At length the traitor meets the traitor's doom,
Joy, joy in London now!

He on a sledge is drawn,
His strong right arm unweapon'd and in chains,
And garlanded around his helmless head
The laurel wreath of scorn.

They throng to view him now
Who in the field had fled before his sword,
Who at the name of Wallace once grew pale
And falter'd out a prayer.

Yes! they can meet his eye,
That only beams with patient courage now;
Yes! they can gaze upon those manly limbs,
Defenceless now and bound.

And that eye did not shrink
As he beheld the pomp of infamy;
Nor did one rebel feeling shake those limbs
When the last moment came.

What though suspended sense
Was by their damned cruelty revived,
What though ingenious vengeance lengthen'd life
To feel protracted death;

What though the hangman's hand
Grasp in his living breast the heaving heart,..
In the last agony, the last sick pang,
Wallace had comfort still.

He call'd to mind his deeds
Done for his country in the embattled field;
He thought of that good cause for which he died,
And that was joy in death!

Go, Edward, triumph now!
Cambria is fallen, and Scotland's strength is crush'd;
On Wallace, on Llewellyn's mangled limbs
The fowls of Heaven have fed.

Unrivalled, unopposed,
Go, Edward, full of glory to thy grave!
The weight of patriot blood upon thy soul,
Go, Edward, to thy God!

1798.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

CLEAR shone the morn, the gale was fair,
When from Coruna's crowded port
With many a cheerful shout and loud acclaim
The huge Armada past.

To England's shores their streamers point,
To England's shores their sails are spread,
They go to triumph o'er the sea-girt land,
And Rome hath blest their arms.

Along the ocean's echoing verge,
Along the mountain range of rocks,
The clustering multitudes behold their pomp,
And raise the votive prayer.

Commingling with the ocean's roar
Ceaseless and hoarse their murmurs rise,
And soon they trust to see the winged bark
That bears good tidings home.

The watch-tower now in distance sinks,
And now Galicia's mountain rocks
Faint as the far-off clouds of evening lie,
And now they fade away.

Each like some moving citadel,
On through the waves they sail sublime;
And now the Spaniards see the silvery cliffs,
Behold the sea-girt land!

O fools! to think that ever foe
Should triumph o'er the sea-girt land!
O fools! to think that ever Britain's sons
Should wear the stranger's yoke!

For not in vain hath Nature rear'd
Around her coast those silvery cliffs;
For not in vain old Ocean spreads his waves
To guard his favourite isle!

On come her gallant mariners!
What now avail Rome's boasted charms?
Where are the Spaniard's vaunts of eager wrath?
His hopes of conquest now?

And hark! the angry winds arise,
Old Ocean heaves his angry waves;
The winds and waves against the invaders fight
To guard the sea-girt land.

Howling around his palace-towers
The Spanish Despot hears the storm;
He thinks upon his navies far away,
And boding doubts arise.

Long, over Biscay's boisterous surge
The watchman's aching eye shall strain!
Long shall he gaze, but never winged bark
Shall bear good tidings home.

1798.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

THE night is come, no fears disturb
The dreams of innocence;
They trust in kingly faith and kingly oaths,
They sleep, .. alas! they sleep!

Go to the palace, wouldst thou know
How hideous night can be;
Eye is not closed in those accursed walls,
Nor heart at quiet there.

The Monarch from the window leans,
He listens to the night,
And with a horrible and eager hope
Awaits the midnight bell.

Oh, he has hell within him now!
God, always art thou just!
For innocence can never know such pangs
As pierce successful guilt.

He looks abroad, and all is still.
Hark!.. now the midnight bell
Sounds through the silence of the night alone,..
And now the signal gun!

Thy hand is on him, righteous God!
He hears the frantic shriek,
He hears the glorying yells of massacre,
And he repents too late.

He hears the murderer's savage shout,
He hears the groan of death;
In vain they fly,.. soldiers defenceless now,
Women, old men, and babes.

Righteous and just art thou, O God!
For at his dying hour,
Those shrieks and groans re-echoed in his ear,
He heard that murderous yell!

They throng'd around his midnight couch,
The phantoms of the slain!..
It prey'd like poison on his powers of life!..
Righteous art thou, O God!

Spirits! who suffer'd at that hour
For freedom and for faith,
Ye saw your country bent beneath the yoke,
Her faith and freedom crush'd!

And like a giant from his sleep
Ye saw when France awoke;
Ye saw the people burst their double chain,
And ye had joy in Heaven!

1798.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize:
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

'And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so chearful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as chearful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

1798.

THE EBB TIDE.

SLOWLY thy flowing tide
Came in, old Avon! scarcely did mine eyes,
As watchfully I roam'd thy green-wood side,
Behold the gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong
The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars,
And yet the eye beheld them labouring long
Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
The unlabour'd boat falls rapidly along;
The solitary helms-man sits to guide,
And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks that lay
So silent late, the shallow current roars;
Fast flow thy waters on their sea-ward way
Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon! I gaze and know
The lesson emblem'd in thy varying way;
It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms which long have stood,
And slow to strength and power attain'd at last,
Thus from the summit of high fortune's flood
Ebb to their ruin fast.

Thus like thy flow appears
Time's tardy course to manhood's envied stage;
Alas! how hurryingly the ebbing years
Then hasten to old age!

1799.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

AND wherefore do the Poor complain?
The rich man ask'd of me;..
Come walk abroad with me, I said,
And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold,
And we were wrapt and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
His locks were few and white;
I ask'd him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night;

'Twas bitter keen indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,
And she begg'd loud and bold;
I ask'd her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold;

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick a-bed,
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest,
She had a baby at her back
And another at her breast;

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there
When the night-wind was so chill;
She turn'd her head and bade the child
That scream'd behind, be still.

She told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away,
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl, her dress was loose
And sunken was her eye,
Who with a wanton's hollow voice
Address'd the passers-by;

I ask'd her what there was in guilt
That could her heart allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse;
She answer'd, she was poor.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he, . . .
You ask'd me why the poor complain,
And these have answer'd thee!

1798.

TO MARY.

MARY! ten chequer'd years have past
Since we beheld each other last;
Yet, Mary, I remember thee,
Nor canst thou have forgotten me.

The bloom was then upon thy face,
Thy form had every youthful grace;
I too had then the warmth of youth,
And in our hearts was all its truth.

We conversed, were there others by,
With common mirth and random eye;
But when escaped the sight of men,
How serious was our converse then!

Our talk was then of years to come,
Of hopes which ask'd a humble doom,
Themes which to loving thoughts might move,
Although we never spake of love.

At our last meeting sure thy heart
Was even as loth as mine to part;
And yet we little thought that then
We parted..not to meet again.

Long, Mary! after that adieu,
My dearest day-dreams were of you!
In sleep I saw you still, and long
Made you the theme of secret song.

When manhood and its cares came on,
The humble hopes of youth were gone;
And other hopes and other fears
Effaced the thoughts of happier years.

Meantime through many a varied year
Of thee no tidings did I hear,
And thou hast never heard my name
Save from the vague reports of fame.

But then I trust detraction's lie
Hath kindled anger in thine eye;
And thou my praise wert proud to see;
My name should still be dear to thee.

Ten years have held their course; thus late
I learn the tidings of thy fate;
A Husband and a Father now,
Of thee, a Wife and Mother thou.

And, Mary, as for thee I frame
A prayer which hath no selfish aim,
No happier lot can I wish thee
Than such as Heaven hath granted me.

1802.

TO A FRIEND,

ENQUIRING IF I WOULD LIVE OVER MY YOUTH AGAIN.

Do I regret the past?
Would I again live o'er
The morning hours of life?
Nay, William! nay, not so!
In the warm joyance of the summer sun
I do not wish again
The changeful April day.
Nay, William! nay, not so!
Safe haven'd from the sea
I would not tempt again
The uncertain ocean's wrath.
Praise be to Him who made me what I am,
Other I would not be.

Why is it pleasant then to sit and talk
Of days that are no more?
When in his own dear home,
The traveller rests at last,
And tells how often in his wanderings
The thought of those far off
Hath made his eyes o'erflow
With no unmanly tears;
Delighted he recalls
Through what fair scenes his lingering feet have trod:
But ever when he tells of perils past,
And troubles now no more,
His eyes most sparkle, and a readier joy
Flows thankful from his heart.

No, William, no, I would not live again
The morning hours of life;
I would not be again
The slave of hope and fear;
I would not learn again
The wisdom by Experience hardly taught.

To me the past presents
No object for regret;
To me the present gives
All cause for full content.
The future,..it is now the chearful noon,
And on the sunny-smiling fields I gaze
With eyes alive to joy;
When the dark night descends,
I willingly shall close my weary lids,
Secure to wake again.

1798.

THE DEAD FRIEND.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear!
Feed not on thoughts so loathly horrible!
The Spirit is not there
Which kindled that dead eye,
Which throbb'd in that cold heart,
Which in that motionless hand
Hath met thy friendly grasp.
The Spirit is not there!
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh
That moulders in the grave;
Earth, air, and water's ministering particles
Now to the elements
Resolved, their uses done.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved,
The Spirit is not there!

Often together have we talk'd of death;
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear;
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the Cherubim,
To view the depth of Heaven!
O Edmund! thou hast first
Begun the travel of Eternity!
I gaze amid the stars,
And think that thou art there,
Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee.

And we have often said how sweet it were
With unseen ministry of angel power
To watch the friends we loved.
Edmund! we did not err!
Sure I have felt thy presence! Thou hast given

A birth to holy thought,
Hast kept me from the world unstain'd and pure
Edmund! we did not err!
Our best affections here
They are not like the toys of infancy;
The Soul outgrows them not;
We do not cast them off;
Oh if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved!
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk,
Think that he companies thy solitude;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse;
And though Remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.

Songs

of the

American Indians.

THE HURON'S ADDRESS TO THE DEAD.

Brother, thou wert strong in youth!
Brother, thou wert brave in war!
Unhappy man was he
For whom thou hadst sharpen'd the tomahawk's edge!
Unhappy man was he
On whom thine angry eye was fix'd in fight!
And he who from thy hand
Received the calumet
Blest Heaven, and slept in peace.

When the Evil Spirits seized thee,
Brother, we were sad at heart:
We bade the Jongler come
And bring his magic aid;
We circled thee in mystic dance,
With songs and shouts and cries,

To free thee from their power.
Brother, but in vain we strove,
The number of thy days was full.

Thou sittest amongst us on thy mat,
The bear-skin from thy shoulder hangs,
Thy feet are sandal'd ready for the way.
Those are the unfatiguable feet
That traversed the forest track;
Those are the lips that late
Thunder'd the yell of war;
And that is the strong right arm
Which never was lifted in vain.
Those lips are silent now,
The limbs that were active are stiff,
Loose hangs the strong right arm!

And where is That which in thy voice
The language of friendship spake?
That gave the strength of thine arm?
That fill'd thy limbs with life?
It was not Thou, for Thou art here,

Thou art amongst us still,
But the Life and the Feeling are gone.
The Iroquois will learn
That thou hast ceased from war;
'Twill be a joy like victory,
For thou wert the scourge of their nation.

Brother, we sing thee the song of death;
In thy coffin of bark we lay thee to rest;
The bow shall be placed by thy side,
And the shafts that are pointed and feather'd for flight,
To the country of the Dead
Long and painful is thy way!
Over rivers wide and deep
Lies the road that must be past,
By bridges narrow-wall'd,
When scarce the Soul can force its way,
While the loose fabric totters under it.

Safely may our Brother pass!
Safely may he reach the fields,

Where the sound of the drum and the shell
Shall be heard from the Country of Souls!
The Spirits of thy Sires
Shall come to welcome thee;
The God of the Dead in his Bower
Shall receive thee and bid thee join
The dance of eternal joy.

Brother, we pay thee the rites of death,
Rest in the Bower of Delight!

1799.

THE PERUVIAN'S DIRGE OVER THE BODY OF HIS FATHER.

REST in peace, my Father, rest!
With danger and toil have I borne thy corpse
From the Stranger's field of death.
I bless thee, O Wife of the Sun,
For veiling thy beams with a cloud,
While at the pious task
Thy votary toil'd in fear.
Thou badest the clouds of night
Enwrap thee, and hide thee from Man;
But didst thou not see my toil,
And put on the darkness to aid,
O Wife of the visible God?

Wretched, my Father, thy life!
Wretched the life of the Slave!

All day for another he toils;
Overwearied at night he lies down,
And dreams of the freedom that once he enjoy'd.
Thou wert blest in the days of thy youth,
My Father! for then thou wert free.
In the fields of the nation thy hand
Bore its part of the general task;
And when, with the song and the dance,
Ye brought the harvest home,
As all in the labour had shared,
So justly they shared in the fruits.

Thou visible Lord of the Earth,
Thou God of my Fathers, thou God of my heart,
O Giver of light and of life!
When the Strangers came to our shores,
Why didst thou not put forth thy power?
Thy thunders should then have been hurl'd,
Thy fires should in lightnings have flash'd!..
Visible God of the Earth,
The Strangers mock at thy might!

To idols and beams of wood
They force us to bow the knee!
They plunge us in caverns and dens,
Where never thy blessed light
Shines on our poisonous toil!
But not in the caverns and dens,
O Sun, are we mindless of thee!
We pine for the want of thy beams,
We adore thee with anguish and groans.

My Father, rest in peace!
Rest with the dust of thy Sires!
They placed their Cross in thy dying grasp;..
They bore thee to their burial place,
And over thy breathless frame
Their bloody and merciless Priest
Mumbled his mystery words.
Oh! could thy bones be at peace
In the fields where the Strangers are laid?..
Alone, in danger and in pain,
My Father, I bring thee here:

So may our God, in reward,
Allow me one faithful friend
To lay me beside thee when I am released!
So may he release me soon,
That my Spirit may join thee there,
Where the Strangers never shall come!

1799.

SONG OF THE ARAUCANS

DURING A THUNDER STORM.

THE storm-cloud grows deeper above;
Araucans! the tempest is ripe in the sky;
Our forefathers come from their Islands of Bliss,
They come to the war of the winds.

The Souls of the Strangers are there,
In their garments of darkness they ride through the heaven;
Yon cloud that rolls luridly over the hill
Is red with their weapons of fire.

Hark! hark! in the howl of the wind
The shout of the battle, the clang of their drums,
The horsemen are met, and the shock of the fight
Is the blast that disbranches the wood.

Behold from the clouds of their power
The lightning,..the lightning is lanced at our sires!
And the thunder that shakes the broad pavement
of Heaven!
And the darkness that quenches the day!

Ye Souls of our Fathers, be brave!
Ye shrunk not before the invaders on earth,
Ye trembled not then at their weapons of fire,
Brave Spirits, ye tremble not now!

We gaze on your warfare in hope,
We send up our shouts to encourage your arms!
Lift the lance of your vengeance, O Fathers! with
force,
For the wrongs of your country strike home!

Remember the land was your own
When the Sons of Destruction came over the seas;
That the old fell asleep in the fullness of days,
And their children wept over their graves.

Till the Strangers came into the land
With tongues of deceit and with weapons of fire:
Then the strength of the people in youth was cut off,
And the father wept over his son.

It thickens.. the tumult of fight!
Louder and louder the blast of the battle is heard!..
Remember the wrongs that your country endures!
Remember the fields of your fame!

Joy! joy! for the Strangers recoil,..
They give way,..they retreat to the land of their life!
Pursue them! pursue them! remember your wrongs!
Let your lances be drunk with their wounds.

The Souls of your wives shall rejoice
As they welcome you back to your Islands of Bliss;
And the breeze that refreshes the toil-throbbing brow
Waft thither the song of your praise.

1799.

SONG OF THE CHIKKASAH WIDOW.

'Twas the voice of my husband that came on the gale.
The unappeased Spirit in anger complains!
Rest, rest Ollanahta, be still!
The day of revenge is at hand.

The stake is made ready, the captives shall die;
To-morrow the song of their death shalt thou hear,
To-morrow thy widow shall wield
The knife and the fire;.. be at rest!

The vengeance of anguish shall soon have its course,..
The fountains of grief and of fury shall flow,.
I will think, Ollanahta! of thee,
Will remember the days of our love.

Ollanahta, all day by thy war-pole I sat,
Where idly thy hatchet of battle is hung;
I gazed on the bow of thy strength
As it waved on the stream of the wind.

The scalps that we number'd in triumph were there,
And the musket that never was levell'd in vain,...
What a leap has it given to my heart
To see thee suspend it in peace.

When the black and blood-banner was spread to the gale,
When thrice the deep voice of the war-drum was heard,
I remember thy terrible eyes
How they flash'd the dark glance of thy joy.

I remember the hope that shone over thy cheek
As thy hand from the pole reach'd its doers of death;
Like the ominous gleam of the cloud
Ere the thunder and lightning are born.

He went, and ye came not to warn him in dreams,
Kindred Spirits of him who is holy and great!
And where was thy warning, O Bird,
The timely announcer of ill?

Alas! when thy brethren in conquest return'd;
When I saw the white plumes bending over their heads
And the pine-boughs of triumph before,
Where the scalps of their victory swung,..

The war-hymn they pour'd, and thy voice was not there!
I call'd thee,..alas, the white deer-skin was brought;
And thy grave was prepared in the tent
Which I had made ready for joy!

Ollanahta, all day by thy war-pole I sit,..
Ollanahta, all night I weep over thy grave!
To-morrow the victims shall die,
And I shall have joy in revenge.

1799.

THE

OLD CHIKKASAH TO HIS GRANDSON.

Now go the battle, my Boy!
Dear child of my son,
There is strength in thine arm,
There is hope in thy heart,
Thou art ripe for the labours of war.
Thy Sire was a stripling like thee
When he went to the first of his fields.
He return'd, in the glory of conquest return'd;
Before him his trophies were borne,
These scalps that have hung till the Sun and the Rain
Have rusted their raven locks.
Here he stood when the morn of rejoicing arrived,
The day of the warrior's reward;
When the banners sun-beaming were spread,
And all hearts were dancing in joy

To the sound of the victory drum.
The Heroes were met to receive their reward;
But distinguish'd among the young Heroes that day,
The pride of his nation, thy Father was seen:
The swan-feathers hung from his neck,
His face like the rainbow was tinged,
And his eye, . . how it sparkled in pride!
The Elders approach'd, and they placed on his brow
The crown that his valour had won,
And they gave him the old honour'd name.
They reported the deeds he had done in the war,
And the youth of the nation were told
To respect him and tread in his path.

My Boy! I have seen, and with hope,
The courage that rose in thine eye
When I told thee the tale of his death.
His war-pole now is grey with moss,
His tomahawk red with rust;
His bowstring whose twang was death
Now sings as it cuts the wind!

But his memory is fresh in the land
And his name with the names that we love.

Go now and revenge him, my Boy!
That his Spirit no longer may hover by day
O'er the hut where his bones are at rest,
Nor trouble our dreams in the night.
My Boy, I shall watch for the warriors' return,
And my soul will be sad
Till the steps of thy coming I see.

1799.

Anomalies.

SNUFF.

A DELICATE pinch! oh how it tingles up
The titillated nose! and fills the eyes
And breast, till in one comfortable sneeze
The full collected pleasure bursts at last!
Most rare Columbus! thou shalt be for this
The only Christopher in my Kalendar.
Why but for thee the uses of the Nose
Were half unknown, and its capacity
Of joy. The summer gale that from the heath,
At midnoon glittering with the golden gorse,
Bears its balsamic odour, but provokes
Not satisfies the sense; and all the flowers,
That with their unsubstantial fragrance tempt
And disappoint, bloom for so short a space,
That half the year the Nostrils would keep Lent,
But that the kind Tobacconist admits

No winter in his work; when Nature sleeps
His wheels roll on, and still administer
A plenitude of joy, a tangible smell.

What is Peru and those Golcondan mines
To thee, Virginia? miserable realms,
They furnish gold for knaves and gems for fools;
But thine are *common* comforts!.. To omit
Pipe-panegyric and tobacco-praise,
Think what the general joy the snuff-box gives,
Europe, and far above Pizarro's name
Write Ralegh in thy records of renown!
Him let the school-boy bless if he behold
His master's box produced, for when he sees
The thumb and finger of Authority
Stufft up the nostrils; when hat, head, and wig
Shake all; when on the waistcoat black the dust
Or drop falls brown; soon shall the brow severe
Relax; and from vituperative lips
Words that of birch remind not, sounds of praise,
And jokes that *must* be laugh'd at shall proceed.

1799.

COOL REFLECTIONS

DURING A MIDSUMMER WALK.

O SPARE me .. spare me, Phœbus! if indeed
Thou hast not let another Phaëton
Drive earthward thy fierce steeds and fiery car;
Mercy! I melt! I melt! No tree, no bush,
No shelter! nòt a breath of stirring air
East, West, or North, or South! Dear God of day,
Put on thy nightcap! crop thy locks of light,
And be in the fashion! turn thy back upon us,
And let thy beams flow upward! make it night
Instead of noon! one little miracle,
In pity, gentle Phœbus!
What a joy,
Oh what a joy, to be a seal and flounder
On an ice island! or to have a den
With the white bear, cavern'd in polar snow!

It were a comfort to shake hands with death, . .
He has a rare cold hand! to wrap one's self
In the gift shirt Deianeira sent,
Dipt in the blood of Nessus, just to keep
The sun off; or toast cheese for Beelzebub, . .
That were a cool employment to this journey
Along a road whose white intensity
Would now make platina uncongealable
Like quicksilver.
Were it midnight, I should walk
Self-lanthorn'd, saturate with sunbeams. Jove!
O gentle Jove! have mercy, and once more
Kick that obdurate Phœbus out of heaven!
Give Boreas the wind-cholic, till he roar
For cardamum, and drink down peppermint,
Making what's left as precious as Tokay.
Send Mercury, to salivate the sky
Till it dissolve in rain. O gentle Jove!
But some such little kindness to a wretch
Who feels his marrow spoiling his best coat,
Who swells with calorique as if a Prester

Had leaven'd every limb with poison-yeast; . .
Lend me thine eagle just to flap his wings,
And fan me, and I will build temples to thee,
And turn true Pagan.

Not a cloud nor breeze, . .

O you most heathen Deities! if ever
My bones reach home (for, for the flesh upon them,
It hath resolved itself into a dew,)
I shall have learnt owl-wisdom. Thou vile Phœbus,
Set me a Persian sun-idolater
Upon this turnpike road, and I'll convert him
With no inquisitorial argument
But thy own fires. Now woe be to me wretch,
That I was in a heretic country born!
Else might some mass for the poor souls that bleach,
And burn away the calx of their offences
In that great Purgatory crucible,
Help me. O Jupiter! my poor complexion!
I am made a copper-Indian of already;
And if no kindly cloud will parasol me,

My very cellular membrane will be changed,..
I shall be negrofied.

A brook! a brook!

Oh what a sweet cool sound!

'Tis very nectar!

It runs like life through every strengthen'd limb!

Nymph of the stream, now take a grateful prayer.

1799.

THE PIG.

A COLLOQUIAL POEM.

JACOB! I do not love to see thy nose
Turn'd up in scornful curve at yonder Pig.
It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,
Were perfect in our kind!.. And why despise
The sow-born grunter?.. He is obstinate,
Thou answerest; ugly, and the filthiest beast
That banquets upon offal. Now I pray you
Hear the Pig's Counsel.

Is he obstinate?
We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words,
By sophist sounds. A democratic beast,
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profit, and not his. He hath not learnt
That Pigs were made for man,.. born to be brawn'd
And baconized; that he must please to give

Just what his gracious masters please to take;
Perhaps his tusks, the weapons Nature gave
For self-defence, the general privilege;
Perhaps, .. hark Jacob! dost thou hear that horn?
Woe to the young posterity of pork!
Their enemy is at hand.
Again. Thou say'st
The Pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him!
Those eyes have taught the Lover flattery.
His face, .. nay, Jacob, Jacob! were it fair
To judge a Lady in her dishabille?
Fancy it drest, and with saltpetre rouged.
Behold his tail, my friend; with curls like that
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse:
So crisp in beauty Amoretta's hair
Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.
And what is beauty, but the aptitude
Of parts harmonious? give thy fancy scope,
And thou wilt find that no imagined change
Can beautify this beast. Place at his end
The starry glories of the Peacock's pride;

Give him the Swan's white breast; for his horn-hoofs
Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves
Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss,
When Venus from the enamour'd sea arose;..
Jacob, thou canst but make a monster of him!
All alteration man could think would mar
His Pig-perfection.
The last charge,.. he lives
A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
With noble and right-reverend precedents,
And show by sanction of authority
That 'tis a very honourable thing
To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
On better ground the unanswerable defence.
The Pig is a philosopher, who knows
No prejudice. Dirt? Jacob, what is dirt?
If matter,.. why the delicate dish that tempts
An o'ergorged Epicure to the last morsel
That stuffs him to the throat-gates is no more.
If matter be not, but as Sages say,
Spirit is all, and all things visible

Are one, the infinitely modified,
Think, Jacob, what that Pig is, and the mire
Wherein he stands knee-deep.
And there! that breeze
Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile
That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd field
Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

THE DANCING BEAR.

RECOMMENDED TO THE ADVOCATES FOR THE SLAVE-TRADE.

RARE music! I would rather hear cat-courtship
Under my bed-room window in the night,
Than this scraped catgut's screak. Rare dancing too!
Alas, poor Bruin! How he foots the pole,
And waddles round it with unwieldly steps,
Swaying from side to side!.. The dancingmaster
Hath had as profitless a pupil in him
As when he would have tortured my poor toes
To minuet grace, and made them move like clock-
work
In musical obedience. Bruin! Bruin!
Thou art but a clumsy biped!.. and the mob
With noisy merriment mock his heavy pace,
And laugh to see him led by the nose!.. themselves
Led by the nose, embruted, and in the eye

54076

Of Reason from their Nature's purposes
As miserably perverted.

Bruin-Bear
Now could I sonnetize thy piteous plight,
And prove how much my sympathetic heart
Even for the miseries of a beast can feel,
In fourteen lines of sensibility.
But we are told all things were made for man;
And I'll be sworn there's not a fellow here
Who would not swear 'twere hanging blasphemy
To doubt that truth. Therefore as thou wert born,
Bruin! for man, and man makes nothing of thee
In any other way, most logically
It follows, that thou must be born to dance;
That that great snout of thine was form'd on purpose
To hold a ring; and that thy fat was given thee
Only to make pomatum!

To demur
Were heresy. And politicians say,
(Wise men who in the scale of reason give
No foolish feelings weight,) that thou art here

Far happier than thy brother bears who roam
O'er trackless snow for food; that being born
Inferior to thy leader, unto him
Rightly belongs dominion; that the compact
Was made between ye, when thy clumsy feet
First fell into the snare, and he gave up
His right to kill, conditioning thy life
Should thenceforth be his property;..besides,
'Tis wholesome for thy morals to be brought
From savage climes into a civilized state,
Into the decencies of Christendom.....
Bear! Bear! it passes in the Parliament
For excellent logic this! what if we say
How barbarously man abuses power?
Talk of thy baiting, it will be replied,
Thy welfare is thy owner's interest,
But were thou baited it would injure thee,
Therefore thou art not baited. For seven years
Hear it, O Heaven, and give ear, O Earth!
For seven long years this precious syllogism
Hath baffled justice and humanity!

THE FILBERT.

NAY, gather not that Filbert, Nicholas,
There is a maggot there,.. it is his house,..
His castle,.. oh commit not burglary!
Strip him not naked,.. 'tis his clothes, his shell,
His bones, the case and armour of his life,
And thou shalt do no murder, Nicholas!
It were an easy thing to crack that nut
Or with thy crackers or thy double teeth,
So easily may all things be destroy'd!
But 'tis not in the power of mortal man
To mend the fracture of a filbert shell.
There were two great men once amused themselves
Watching two maggots run their wriggling race,
And wagering on their speed; but Nick, to us
It were no sport to see the pamper'd worm
Roll out and then draw in his folds of fat,

Like to some Barber's leathern powder-bag
Wherewith he feathers, frosts, or cauliflowers
Spruce Beau, or Lady fair, or Doctor grave.
Enough of dangers and of enemies
Hath Nature's wisdom for the worm ordain'd,
Increase not thou the number! Him the Mouse
Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shell's defence
May from his native tenement eject;
Him may the Nut-hatch piercing with strong bill
Unwittingly destroy; or to his hoard
The Squirrel bear, at leisure to be crack'd.
Man also hath his dangers and his foes
As this poor Maggot hath; and when I muse
Upon the aches, anxieties, and fears,
The Maggot knows not, Nicholas, methinks
It were a happy metamorphosis
To be enkernell'd thus: never to hear
Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots,
Kings, Jacobines, and Tax-commissioners;
To feel no motion but the wind that shook
The Filbert Tree, and rock'd us to our rest;

And in the middle of such exquisite food
To live luxurious! the perfection this
Of snugness! it were to unite at once
Hermit retirement, Aldermanic bliss,
And Stoic independence of mankind.

Inscriptions.

The three utilities of Poetry: the praise of Virtue and Goodness, the memory of things remarkable, and to invigorate the Affections.

Welsh Triad.

INSCRIPTION I.

FOR A COLUMN AT NEWBURY.

ART thou a Patriot, Traveller? .. On this field
Did FALKLAND fall, the blameless and the brave,
Beneath a Tyrant's banners.... Dost thou boast
Of loyal ardour? HAMBDEN perished here,
The rebel HAMBDEN, at whose glorious name
The heart of every honest Englishman
Beats high with conscious pride. Both uncorrupt,
Friends to their common country both, they fought,
They died in adverse armies. Traveller!
If with thy neighbour thou shouldst not accord
In charity, remember these good men,
And quell all angry and injurious thoughts.

1796.

INSCRIPTION II.

FOR A CAVERN THAT OVERLOOKS THE RIVER AVON.

ENTER this cavern, Stranger! the ascent
Is long and steep and toilsome; here awhile
Thou mayst repose thee, from the noontide heat
Shelter'd beneath this bending vault of rock.
Round the rude portal clasping with rough arms
The antique ivy spreads a canopy,
From whose grey blossoms the wild bees collect
Their last autumnal stores. No common spot
Receives thee, for the power who prompts the song
Loves this secluded cell. The tide below
Scarce sends the sound of waters to thine ear;
And yon high-hanging forest to the wind
Varies its many hues. Gaze, Stranger, here!
And let thy soften'd heart intensely feel
How good, how lovely, Nature! When from hence

Departing to the city's crowded streets,
Thy sickening eye at every step revolts
From scenes of vice and wretchedness; reflect
That Man creates the evil he endures.

1796.

INSCRIPTION III.

FOR A TABLET AT SILBURY-HILL.

THIS mound in some remote and dateless day
Rear'd o'er a Chieftain of the Age of Hills,
May here detain thee, Traveller! from thy road
Not idly lingering. In his narrow house
Some Warrior sleeps below, whose gallant deeds
Haply at many a solemn festival
The Bard hath harp'd; but perish'd is the song
Of praise, as o'er these bleak and barren downs
The wind that passes and is heard no more.
Go, Traveller, and remember when the pomp
Of earthly Glory fades, that one good deed,
Unseen, unheard, unnoted by mankind,
Lives in the eternal register of Heaven.

1796.

INSCRIPTION IV.

FOR A MONUMENT IN THE NEW FOREST.

THIS is the place where William's kingly power
Did from their poor and peaceful homes expel,
Unfriended, desolate, and shelterless,
The habitants of all the fertile track
Far as these wilds extend. He levell'd down
Their little cottages, he bade their fields
Lie barren, so that o'er the forest waste
He might more royally pursue his sports!
If that thine heart be human, Passenger!
Sure it will swell within thee, and thy lips
Will mutter curses on him. Think thou then
What cities flame, what hosts unsepulchred
Pollute the passing wind; when raging Power
Drives on his blood-hounds to the chase of Man;
And as thy thoughts anticipate that day
When God shall judge aright, in charity
Pray for the wicked rulers of mankind.

INSCRIPTION V.

FOR A TABLET ON THE BANKS OF A STREAM.

STRANGER! awhile upon this mossy bank
Recline thee. If the Sun rides high, the breeze,
That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet,
Will play around thy brow, and the cool sound
Of running waters soothe thee. Mark how clear
It sparkles o'er the shallows, and behold
Where o'er its surface wheels with restless speed
Yon glossy insect, on the sand below
How the swift shadow flits. The stream is pure
In solitude, and many a healthful herb
Bends o'er its course and drinks the vital wave:
But passing on amid the haunts of man,
It finds pollution there, and rolls from thence
A tainted tide. Seek'st thou for HAPPINESS?
Go, Stranger, sojourn in the woodland cot
Of INNOCENCE, and thou shalt find her there.

1796.

INSCRIPTION VI.

FOR THE CENOTAPH AT ERMENONVILLE.

STRANGER! the MAN OF NATURE lies not here:
Enshrined far distant by the *Scoffer's side
His relics rest, there by the giddy throng
With blind idolatry alike revered!
Wiselier directed have thy pilgrim feet
Explored the scenes of Ermenonville. ROUSSEAU
Loved these calm haunts of Solitude and Peace;
Here he has heard the murmurs of the lake,
And the soft rustling of the poplar grove,
When o'er their bending boughs the passing wind
Swept a grey shade. Here, if thy breast be full,
If in thine eye the tear devout should gush,
His SPIRIT shall behold thee, to thine home
From hence returning, purified of heart.

1796.

* Voltaire.

INSCRIPTION VII.

FOR A MONUMENT AT OXFORD.

HERE Latimer and Ridley in the flames
Bore witness to the truth. If thou hast walk'd
Uprightly through the world, proud thoughts of joy
Will fill thy breast in contemplating here
Congenial virtue. But if thou hast swerved
From the right path, if thou hast sold thy soul,
And served, with hireling and apostate zeal,
The cause thy heart disowns, .. oh! cherish well
The honourable shame that sure this place
Will wake within thee, timely penitent,
And let the future expiate the past.

1797.

INSCRIPTION VIII.

FOR A MONUMENT IN THE VALE OF EWIAS.

HERE was it, Stranger, that the patron Saint
Of Cambria past his age of penitence,
A solitary man; and here he made
His hermitage, the roots his food, his drink
Of Hodney's mountain stream. Perchance thy youth
Has read with eager wonder how the Knight
Of Wales in Ormandine's enchanted bower,
Slept the long sleep: and if that in thy veins
Flow the pure blood of Britain, sure that blood
Hath flow'd with quicker impulse at the tale
Of David's deeds, when through the press of war
His gallant comrades follow'd his green crest
To conquest. Stranger! Hatterill's mountain heights
And this fair vale of Ewias, and the stream
Of Hodney, to thine after-thoughts will rise
More grateful, thus associate with the name
Of David and the deeds of other days.

1798.

INSCRIPTION IX.

EPITAPH ON ALGERNON SIDNEY.

HERE Sidney lies, he whom perverted law
The pliant jury and the bloody judge
Doom'd to the traitor's death. A tyrant King
Required, an abject country saw and shared
The crime. The noble cause of Liberty
He loved in life, and to that noble cause
In death bore witness. But his Country rose
Like Sampson from her sleep, and broke her chains,
And proudly with her worthies she enroll'd
Her murder'd Sidney's name. The voice of man
Gives honour or destroys; but earthly power
Gives not, nor takes away, the self-applause
Which on the scaffold suffering virtue feels,
Nor that which God appointed its reward.

1799.

INSCRIPTION X.

EPITAPH ON KING JOHN.

JOHN rests below. A man more infamous
Never hath held the sceptre of these realms,
And bruised beneath the iron rod of Power
The oppressed men of England. Englishman!
Curse not his memory. Murderer as he was,
Coward and slave, yet he it was who sign'd
That Charter which should make thee morn and night
Be thankful for thy birth-place:... Englishman!
That holy Charter, which, shouldst thou permit
Force to destroy, or Fraud to undermine,
Thy children's groans will persecute thy soul,
For they must bear the burthen of thy crime.

1798.

INSCRIPTION XI.

IN A FOREST.

STRANGER! whose steps have reach'd this solitude,
Know that this lonely spot was dear to one
Devoted with no unrequited zeal
To Nature. Here, delighted he has heard
The rustling of these woods, that now perchance
Melodious to the gale of summer move;
And underneath their shade on yon smooth rock,
With grey and yellow lichens overgrown,
Often reclined; watching the silent flow
Of this perspicuous rivulet, that steals
Along its verdant course,.. till all around
Had fill'd his senses with tranquillity,
And ever sooth'd in spirit he return'd
A happier, better man, Stranger! perchance,
Therefore the stream more lovely to thine eye
Will glide along, and to the summer gale
The woods wave more melodious. Cleanse thou then
The weeds and mosses from this letter'd stone.

1798.

INSCRIPTION XII.

FOR A MONUMENT AT TORDESILLAS.

SPANIARD! if thou art one who bows the knee
Before a despot's footstool, hie thee hence!
This ground is holy: here Padilla died,
Martyr of Freedom. But if thou dost love
Her cause, stand then as at an altar here,
And thank the Almighty that thine honest heart,
Full of a brother's feelings for mankind,
Rebels against oppression. Not unheard
Nor unavailing shall the grateful prayer
Ascend; for loftiest impulses will rise
To elevate and strengthen thee, and prompt
To virtuous action. Relics silver-shrined,
And chaunted mass, would wake within the soul
Thoughts valueless and cold compared with these.

1796.

INSCRIPTION XIII.

FOR A COLUMN AT TRUXILLO.

PIZARRO here was born; a greater name
The list of Glory boasts not. Toil and Pain,
Famine and hostile Elements, and Hosts
Embattled, fail'd to check him in his course,
Not to be wearied, not to be deterr'd,
Not to be overcome. A mighty realm
He overran, and with relentless arm
Slew or enslaved its unoffending sons,
And wealth, and power, and fame, were his rewards.
There is another world, beyond the Grave,
According to their deeds where men are judged.
O reader! if thy daily bread be earn'd
By daily labour, .. yea, however low,
However wretched be thy lot assign'd,
Thank thou, with deepest gratitude, the God
Who made thee, that thou art not such as he.

1796.

INSCRIPTION XIV.

FOR THE CELL OF HONORIUS, AT THE CORK CONVENT, NEAR CINTRA.

HERE cavern'd like a beast Honorius dwelt
In self-denial, solitude, and prayer,
Long years of penance. He had rooted out
All human feelings from his heart, and fled
With fear and loathing from all human joys
As from perdition. But the law of Christ
Enjoins not this. To aid the fatherless,
Comfort the sick, and be the poor man's friend,
And in the wounded heart pour gospel-balm;
These are the active duties of that law,
Which whoso keeps shall have a joy on earth,
Calm, constant, still increasing, preluding
The eternal bliss of Heaven. Yet mock not thou,

Stranger, the Anchorite's mistaken zeal!
He painfully his painful duties kept,
Sincere though erring: Stranger, do thou keep
Thy better and thine easier rule as well.

1798.

INSCRIPTION XV.

FOR A MONUMENT AT TAUNTON.

THEY suffer'd here whom Jefferies doom'd to death
In mockery of all justice, when the Judge
Unjust, subservient to a cruel King,
Perform'd his work of blood. They suffer'd here
The victims of that Judge, and of that King,
In mockery of all justice here they bled,
Unheard! But not unpitied, nor of God
Unseen, the innocent suffered! not in vain
The innocent blood cried vengeance! for at length,
The indignant Nation in its power arose,
Resistless. Then that wicked Judge took flight,
Disguised in vain: .. not always is the Lord
Slow to revenge! a miserable man
He fell beneath the people's rage, and still
The children curse his memory. From his throne
The lawless bigot who commission'd him,

Inhuman James, was driven. He lived to drag
Long years of frustrate hope, he lived to load
More blood upon his soul. Let tell the Boyne,
Let Londonderry tell his guilt and shame;
And that immortal day when on thy shores,
La Hogue, the purple ocean dash'd the dead!

1798.

INSCRIPTION XVI.

FOR A TABLET AT PENSHURST.

ARE days of old familiar to thy mind,
O Reader? Hast thou let the midnight hour
Pass unperceived, whilst thou in fancy lived
With high-born beauties and enamour'd chiefs,
Sharing their hopes, and with a breathless joy
Whose expectation touch'd the verge of pain,
Following their dangerous fortunes? If such lore
Hath ever thrill'd thy bosom, thou wilt tread,
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts,
The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born,
Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feign'd,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady
With courteous courage and with royal loves.
Upon his natal day the acorn here
Was planted. It grew up a stately oak,

And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourish'd, when his perishable part
Had moulder'd dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath moulder'd now, but Sidney's fame
Endureth in his own immortal works.

1799.

INSCRIPTION XVII.

EPITAPH.

THIS to a mother's sacred memory
Her son hath hallow'd. Absent many a year
Far over sea, his sweetest dreams were still
Of that dear voice which soothed his infancy:
And after many a fight against the Moor
And Malabar, or that fierce Cavalry
Which he had seen covering the boundless plain
Even to the utmost limits where the eye
Could pierce the far horizon, .. his first thought
In safety was of her, who when she heard
The tale of that day's danger, would retire
And pour her pious gratitude to Heaven
In prayers and tears of joy. The lingering hour
Of his return, long-look'd-for, came at length,
And full of hope he reach'd his native shore.

Vain hope that puts its trust in human life!
For ere he came the number of her days
Was full. O Reader, what a world were this,
How unendurable its weight, if they
Whom Death hath sunder'd did not meet again!

1810.

INSCRIPTION XVIII.

EPITAPH.

HERE in the fruitful vales of Somerset
Was Emma born, and here the Maiden grew
To the sweet season of her womanhood
Beloved and lovely, like a plant whose leaf
And bud and blossom all are beautiful.
In peacefulness her virgin years were past;
And when in prosperous wedlock she was given,
Amid the Cumbrian mountains far away
She had her summer bower. 'Twas like a dream
Of old Romance to see her when she plied
Her little skiff on Derwent's glassy lake;
The roseate evening resting on the hills,
The lake returning back the hues of heaven,
Mountains and vales and waters all imbued
With beauty and in quietness; and she,

Nymph-like, amid that glorious solitude
A heavenly presence, gliding in her joy.
But soon a wasting malady began
To prey upon her, frequent in attack,
Yet with such flattering intervals as mock
The hopes of anxious love, and most of all
The sufferer, self-deceived. During those days
Of treacherous respite, many a time hath he,
Who leaves this record of his friend, drawn back
Into the shadow from her social board,
Because too surely in her cheek he saw
The insidious bloom of death; and then her smiles
And innocent mirth excited deeper grief
Than when long-look'd-for tidings came at last,
That, all her sufferings ended, she was laid
Amid Madeira's orange groves to rest.
O gentle Emma! o'er a lovelier form
Than thine, Earth never closed; nor e'er did Heaven
Receive a purer spirit from the world!

1810.

English Eclogues.

The following Eclogues, I believe, bear no resemblance to any poems in our language. This species of composition has become popular in Germany, and I was induced to attempt it by an account of the German Idylls given me in conversation. They cannot properly be stiled imitations, as I am ignorant of that language at present, and have never seen any translations or specimens in this kind.

With bad Eclogues I am sufficiently acquainted, from Tityrus and Corydon down to our English Strephons and Thirsisses. No kind of poetry can boast of more illustrious names, or is more distinguished by the servile dulness of imitated nonsense. Pastoral writers, "more silly than their sheep," have, like their sheep, gone on in the same track one after another. Gay stumbled into a new path. His eclogues were the only ones which interested me when I was a boy, and did not know they were burlesque. The subject would furnish matter for an essay, but this is not the place for it.

1799.

ECLOGUE I.

THE OLD MANSION-HOUSE.

STRANGER.

Old friend! why you seem bent on parish duty,
Breaking the highway stones,.. and 'tis a task
Somewhat too hard methinks for age like yours!

OLD MAN.

Why yes! for one with such a weight of years
Upon his back ... I've lived here, man and boy,
In this same parish, well nigh the full age
Of man, being hard upon threescore and ten.
I can remember sixty years ago
The beautifying of this mansion here,
When my late Lady's father, the old Squire,
Came to the estate.

STRANGER.

Why then you have outlasted
All his improvements, for you see they're making
Great alterations here.

OLD MAN.

Aye .. great indeed!
And if my poor old Lady could rise up,
God rest her soul! 'twould grieve her to behold
The wicked work is here.

STRANGER.

They've set about it
In right good earnest. All the front is gone;
Here's to be turf, they tell me, and a road
Round to the door. There were some yew trees too
Stood in the court....

OLD MAN.

Aye, Master! fine old trees!
My grandfather could just remember back

When they were planted there. It was my task
To keep them trimm'd, and 'twas a pleasure to me;
All straight and smooth, and like a great green wall!
My poor old Lady many a time would come
And tell me where to shear, for she had play'd
In childhood under them, and 'twas her pride
To keep them in their beauty. Plague, I say,
On their new-fangled whimsies! we shall have
A modern shrubbery here stuck full of firs
And your pert poplar trees;... I could as soon
Have plough'd my father's grave as cut them down!

STRANGER.

But 'twill be lighter and more cheerful now;
A fine smooth turf, and with a gravel road
Round for the carriage,... now it suits my taste.
I like a shrubbery too, it looks so fresh;
And then there's some variety about it.
In spring the lilac and the snow-ball flower,
And the laburnum with its golden strings
Waving in the wind: And when the autumn comes

The bright red berries of the mountain-ash,
With pines enough in winter to look green,
And show that something lives. Sure this is better
Then a great hedge of yew that makes it look
All the year round like winter, and for ever
Dropping its poisonous leaves from the under boughs
Wither'd and bare!

OLD MAN.

Ah! so the new Squire thinks,
And pretty work he makes of it! what 'tis
To have a stranger come to an old house!

STRANGER.

It seems you know him not?

OLD MAN.

No, Sir, not I.
They tell me he's expected daily now;
But in my Lady's time he never came
But once, for they were very distant kin.

If he had play'd about here when a child
In that fore court, and eat the yew-berries,
And sate in the porch threading the jessamine flowers
Which fell so thick, he had not had the heart
To mar all thus!

STRANGER.

Come.. come! all is not wrong;
Those old dark windows...

OLD MAN.

They're demolish'd too,.
As if he could not see through casement glass!
The very red-breasts, that so regular
Came to my Lady for her morning crumbs,
Wo'n't know the window now!

STRANGER.

Nay they were small,
And then so darken'd round with jessamine,
Harbouring the vermin;.. yet I could have wish'd

That jessamine had been saved, which canopied
And bower'd and lined the porch,

OLD MAN.

It did one good
To pass within ten yards when 'twas in blossom.
There was a sweet-briar too that grew beside;
My Lady loved at evening to sit there
And knit; and her old dog lay at her feet
And slept in the sun; 'twas an old favourite dog,..
She did not love him less that he was old
And feeble, and he always had a place
By the fire-side: and when he died at last
She made me dig a grave in the garden for him.
Ah! she was good to all! a woeful day
'Twas for the poor when to her grave she went!

STRANGER.

They lost a friend then?

OLD MAN.

You're a stranger here,
Or you wouldn't ask that question. Were they sick?
She had rare cordial waters, and for herbs
She could have taught the Doctors. Then at winter,
When weekly she distributed the bread
In the poor old porch, to see her and to hear
The blessings on her! and I warrant them
They were a blessing to her when her wealth
Had been no comfort else. At Christmas, Sir!
It would have warm'd your heart if you had seen
Her Christmas kitchen, . . how the blazing fire
Made her fine pewter shine, and holly boughs
So chearful red, . . and as for miseltoe, . .
The finest bough that grew in the country round
Was mark'd for Madam. Then her old ale went
So bountiful about! a Christmas cask,
And 'twas a noble one! . . . God help me, Sir!
But I shall never see such days again.

STRANGER.

Things may be better yet than you suppose,
And you should hope the best.

OLD MAN.

It don't look well,
These alterations, Sir! I'm an old man,
And love the good old fashions; we don't find
Old bounty in new houses. They've destroy'd
All that my Lady loved; her favourite walk
Grubb'd up, .. and they do say that the great row
Of elms behind the house, which meet a-top,
They must fall too. Well! well! I did not think
To live to see all this, and 'tis perhaps
A comfort I sha'n't live to see it long.

STRANGER.

But sure all changes are not needs for the worse,
My friend?

OLD MAN.

May-hap they mayn't, Sir; .. for all that
I like what I've been used to. I remember
All this from a child up, and now to lose it,
'Tis losing an old friend. There's nothing left
As 'twas; .. I go abroad and only meet
With men whose fathers I remember boys;
The brook that used to run before my door,
That's gone to the great pond; the trees I learnt
To climb are down; and I see nothing now
That tells me of old times, .. except the stones
In the church-yard. You are young, Sir, and I hope
Have many years in store, ... but pray to God
You mayn't be left the last of all your friends.

STRANGER.

Well! well! you've one friend more than you're
aware of.
If the Squire's taste don't suit with yours, I warrant
That's all you'll quarrel with: walk in and taste
His beer, old friend! and see if your old Lady

E'er broach'd a better cask. You did not know me,
But we're acquainted now. 'Twould not be easy
To make you like the outside; but within,
That is not changed, my friend! you'll always find
The same old bounty and old welcome there.

ECLOGUE II.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S TALE.

JANE.

HARRY! I'm tired of playing. We'll draw round
The fire, and Grandmamma perhaps will tell us
One of her stories.

HARRY.

Aye.. dear Grandmamma!
A pretty story! something dismal now;
A bloody murder.

JANE.

Or about a ghost.

GRANDMOTHER.

Nay, nay, I should but frighten ye. You know

The other night when I was telling ye
About the light in the churchyard, how you trembled
Because the screech-owl hooted at the window,
And would not go to bed.

JANE.

Why, Grandmamma,
You said yourself you did not like to hear him.
Pray now!..we wo'n't be frightened.

GRANDMOTHER.

Well, well, children!
But you've heard all my stories... Let me see,...
Did I never tell you how the smuggler murder'd
The woman down at Pill?

HARRY.

No..never! never!

GRANDMOTHER.

Not how he cut her head off in the stable?

HARRY.

Oh ... now! ... do tell us that!

GRANDMOTHER.

You must have heard
Your mother, children! often tell of her.
She used to weed in the garden here, and worm
Your uncle's dogs*, and serve the house with coal;
And glad enough she was in winter time
To drive her asses here! it was cold work
To follow the slow beasts through sleet and snow;
And here she found a comfortable meal
And a brave fire to thaw her, for poor Moll
Was always welcome.

---

* I know not whether this cruel and stupid custom is common in other parts of England. It is supposed to prevent the dogs from doing any mischief, should they afterwards become mad.

HARRY.

Oh! 'twas blear-eyed Moll
The collier woman, . . a great ugly woman;
I've heard of her.

GRANDMOTHER.

Ugly enough, poor soul!
At ten yards distance you could hardly tell
If it were man or woman, for her voice
Was rough as our old mastiff's, and she wore
A man's old coat and hat: . . and then her face!
There was a merry story told of her,
How when the press-gang came to take her husband
As they were both in bed, she heard them coming,
Drest John up in her night-cap, and herself
Put on his clothes and went before the captain.

JANE.

And so they prest a woman!

GRANDMOTHER.

'Twas a trick
She dearly loved to tell; and all the country
Soon knew the jest, for she was used to travel
For miles around. All weathers and all hours
She cross'd the hill, as hardy as her beasts,
Bearing the wind and rain and drifting snow.
And if she did not reach her home at night,
She laid her down in the stable with her asses,
And slept as sound as they did.

HARRY.

With her asses!

GRANDMOTHER.

Yes; and she loved her beasts. For though, poor wretch,
She was a terrible reprobate, and swore
Like any trooper, she was always good
To the dumb creatures; never loaded them

Beyond their strength; and rather, I believe,
Would stint herself than let the poor beasts want,
Because she said they could not ask for food.
I never saw her stick fall heavier on them
Than just with its own weight. She little thought
This tender-heartedness would cause her death!
There was a fellow who had oftentimes,
As if he took delight in cruelty,
Ill-used her beasts. He was a man who lived
By smuggling, and,.. for she had often met him
Crossing the down at night,.. she threaten'd him,
If ever he abused them more, to inform
Of his unlawful ways. Well.. so it was..
'Twas what they both were born to! he provoked her:
She laid an information; and one morning
They found her in the stable, her throat cut
From ear to ear, till the head only hung
Just by a bit of skin.

JANE.

Oh dear! oh dear!

HARRY.

I hope they hung the man!

GRANDMOTHER.

They took him up;
There was no proof, no man had seen the deed,
And he was set at liberty. But God,
Whose eye beholdeth all things, he had seen
The murder; and the murderer knew that God
Was witness to his crime. He fled the place, ..
But nowhere could he fly the avenging hand
Of heaven, ..but nowhere could the murderer rest;.
A guilty conscience haunted him; by day,
By night, in company, in solitude,
Restless and wretched, did he bear upon him
The weight of blood! Her cries were in his ears;
Her stifled groans, as when he knelt upon her,
Always he heard; always he saw her stand
Before his eyes; even in the dead of night
Distinctly seen as though in the broad sun,

She stood beside the murderer's bed, and yawn'd
Her ghastly wound; till life itself became
A punishment at last he could not bear,
And he confess'd it all, and gave himself
To death; so terrible, he said, it was
To have a guilty conscience!

HARRY.

Was he hung, then?

GRANDMOTHER.

Hung and anatomized. Poor wretched man,
Your uncles went to see him on his trial;
He was so pale, so thin, so hollow-eyed,
And such a horror in his meagre face,
They said he look'd like one who never slept.
He begg'd the prayers of all who saw his end,
And met his death with fears that well might warn
From guilt, though not without a hope in Christ.

ECLOGUE III.

HANNAH.

PASSING across a green and lonely lane
A funeral met our view. It was not here
A sight of every day, as in the streets
Of some great city, and we stopt and ask'd
Whom they were bearing to the grave. A girl,
They answer'd, of the village, who had pined
Through the long course of eighteen painful months
With such slow wasting, that the hour of death
Came welcome to her. We pursued our way
To the house of mirth, and with that idle talk
Which passes o'er the mind and is forgot,
We wore away the time. But it was eve
When homewardly I went, and in the air

Was that cool freshness, that discolouring shade
Which makes the eye turn inward: hearing then
Over the vale the heavy toll of death
Sound slow, it made me think upon the dead;
I question'd more, and learnt her mournful tale.
She bore unhusbanded a mother's pains,
And he who should have cherish'd her, far off
Sail'd on the seas. Left thus, a wretched one,
Scorn made a mock of her, and evil tongues
Were busy with her name. She had to bear
The sharper sorrow of neglect from him
Whom she had loved so dearly. Once he wrote,
But only once that drop of comfort came
To mingle with her cup of wretchedness;
And when his parents had some tidings from him,
There was no mention of poor Hannah there,
Or 'twas the cold enquiry, more unkind
Than silence. So she pined and pined away,
And for herself and baby toil'd and toil'd,
Nor did she, even on her death-bed, rest
From labour, knitting there with lifted arms,

Till she sunk with very weakness. Her old mother
Omitted no kind office, working for her,
Albeit her hardest labour barely earn'd
Enough to keep life struggling, and prolong
The pains of grief and sickness. Thus she lay
On the sick bed of poverty, worn out
With her long suffering and those painful thoughts
Which at her heart were rankling, and so weak,
That she could make no effort to express
Affection for her infant; and the child,
Whose lisping love perhaps had solaced her,
Shunn'd her as one indifferent. But she too
Had grown indifferent to all things of earth,
Finding her only comfort in the thought
Of that cold bed wherein the wretched rest.
There had she now, in that last home, been laid,
And all was over now, . . sickness and grief,
Her shame, her suffering, and her penitence:
Their work was done. The school-boys as they sport
In the churchyard, for awhile might turn away

From the fresh grave till grass should cover it;
Nature would do that office soon; and none
Who trod upon the senseless turf would think
Of what a world of woes lay buried there!

1797.

ECLOGUE IV.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

WOMAN.

Sir, for the love of God, some small relief
To a poor woman!

TRAVELLER.

Whither are you bound?
'Tis a late hour to travel o'er these downs,
No house for miles around us, and the way
Dreary and wild. The evening wind already
Makes one's teeth chatter; and the very Sun,
Setting so pale behind those thin white clouds,
Looks cold. 'Twill be a bitter night!

WOMAN.

Aye, Sir,
'Tis cutting keen! I smart at every breath;

Heaven knows how I shall reach my journey's end,
For the way is long before me, and my feet,
God help me! sore with travelling. I would gladly,
If it pleased God, at once lie down and die.

TRAVELLER.

Nay, nay, cheer up! a little food and rest
Will comfort you; and then your journey's end
Will make amends for all. You shake your head,
And weep. Is it some evil business then
That leads you from your home?

WOMAN.

Sir, I am going
To see my son at Plymouth, sadly hurt
In the late action, and in the hospital
Dying, I fear me, now.

TRAVELLER.

Perhaps your fears
Make evil worse. Even if a limb be lost,

There may be still enough for comfort left,
An arm or leg shot off, there's yet the heart
To keep life warm, and he may live to talk
With pleasure of the glorious fight that maim'd him,
Proud of his loss. Old England's gratitude
Makes the maim'd Sailor happy.

WOMAN

'Tis not that, . .
An arm or leg . . . I could have borne with that.
It was no ball, Sir, but some cursed thing
Which bursts * and burns that hurt him. Something, Sir,
They do not use on board our English ships,
It is so wicked!

* The stink-pots used on board the French ships. In the engagement between the Mars and L'Hercule, some of our sailors were shockingly mangled by them: one in particular, as described in the Eclogue, lost both his eyes. It would be right and humane to employ means of destruction, could they be discovered, powerful enough to destroy fleets and armies; but to use any thing that only inflicts additional torture upon the sufferers in war, is cruel and wicked.

TRAVELLER.

Rascals! a mean art
Of cruel cowardice, yet all in vain!

WOMAN.

Yes, Sir! and they should show no mercy to them
For making use of such unchristian arms.
I had a letter from the hospital,
He got some friend to write it, and he tells me
That my poor boy has lost his precious eyes,
Burnt out. Alas! that I should ever live
To see this wretched day!... they tell me, Sir,
There is no cure for wounds like his. Indeed
'Tis a hard journey that I go upon
To such a dismal end!

TRAVELLER.

He yet may live.
But if the worst should chance, why you must bear
The will of Heaven with patience. Were it not

Some comfort to reflect your son has fall'n
Fighting his country's cause? and for yourself
You will not in unpitied poverty
Be left to mourn his loss. Your grateful country,
Amid the triumph of her victory,
Remembers those who paid its price of blood,
And with a noble charity relieves
The widow and the orphan.

WOMAN.

God reward them!
God bless them! it will help me in my age,..
But, Sir! it will not pay me for my child!

TRAVELLER.

Was he your only child?

WOMAN.

My only one,
The stay and comfort of my widowhood,
A dear good boy!..when first he went to sea

I felt what it would come to,.. something told me
I should be childless soon. But tell me, Sir,
If it be true that for a hurt like his
There is no cure? Please God to spare his life
Though he be blind, yet I should be so thankful!
I can remember there was a blind man
Lived in our village, one from his youth up
Quite dark, and yet he was a merry man,
And he had none to tend on him so well
As I would tend my boy!

TRAVELLER.

Of this be sure,
His hurts are look'd to well, and the best help
The land affords, as rightly is his due,
Ever at hand. How happen'd it he left you?
Was a seafaring life his early choice?

WOMAN.

No, Sir! poor fellow,.. he was wise enough
To be content at home, and 'twas a home-

As comfortable, Sir! even though I say it,
As any in the country. He was left
A little boy when his poor father died,
Just old enough to totter by himself,
And call his mother's name. We two were all,
And as we were not left quite destitute,
We bore up well. In the summer time I work'd
Sometimes a-field. Then I was famed for knitting,
And in long winter nights my spinning wheel
Seldom stood still. We had kind neighbours too,
And never felt distress. So he grew up
A comely lad, and wonderous well disposed;
I taught him well; there was not in the parish
A child who said his prayers more regular,
Or answer'd readier through his Catechism.
If I had foreseen this! but 'tis a blessing
We don't know what we're born to!

TRAVELLER.

But how came it
He chose to be a Sailor?

WOMAN.

You shall hear, Sir;
As he grew up he used to watch the birds
In the corn, child's work you know, and easily done.
'Tis an idle sort of task; so he built up
A little hut of wicker-work and clay
Under the hedge, to shelter him in rain:
And then he took, for very idleness,
To making traps to catch the plunderers;
All sorts of cunning traps that boys can make, ..
Propping a stone to fall and shut them in,
Or crush them with its weight, or else a springe
Swung on a bough. He made them cleverly, ..
And I, poor foolish woman! I was pleased
To see the boy so handy. You may guess
What follow'd, Sir, from this unlucky skill.
He did what he should not when he was older:
I warn'd him oft enough; but he was caught
In wiring hares at last, and had his choice,
The prison or the ship.

TRAVELLER.

The choice at least
Was kindly left him, and for broken laws
This was, methinks, no heavy punishment.

WOMAN.

So I was told, Sir. And I tried to think so,
But 'twas a sad blow to me! I was used
To sleep at nights as sweetly as a child, . .
Now if the wind blew rough, it made me start,
And think of my poor boy tossing about
Upon the roaring seas. And then I seem'd
To feel that it was hard to take him from me
For such a little fault. But he was wrong,
Oh very wrong, . . a murrain on his traps!
See what they've brought him to!

TRAVELLER.

Well! well! take comfort
He will be taken care of if he lives;

And should you lose your child, this is a country
Where the brave Sailor never leaves a parent
To weep for him in want.

WOMAN.

Sir, I shall want
No succour long. In the common course of years
I soon must be at rest, and 'tis a comfort,
When grief is hard upon me, to reflect
It only leads me to that rest the sooner.

ECLOGUE V.

THE WITCH.

NATHANIEL.

FATHER! here, father! I have found a horse-shoe!
Faith it was just in time; for t'other night
I laid two straws across at Margery's door,
And ever since I fear'd that she might do me
A mischief for't. There was the Miller's boy
Who set his dog at that black cat of hers, . .
I met him upon crutches, and he told me
'Twas all her evil eye.

FATHER.

'Tis rare good luck!
I would have gladly given a crown for one
If 'twould have done as well. But where didst
find it?

NATHANIEL.

Down on the common; I was going a-field,
And neighbour Saunders pass'd me on his mare;
He had hardly said "Good day," before I saw
The shoe drop off. 'Twas just upon my tongue
To call him back;.. it makes no difference, does it,
Because I know whose 'twas?

FATHER.

Why no, it can't.
The shoe's the same, you know, and you did find it.

NATHANIEL.

That mare of his has got a plaguy road
To travel, father;.. and if he should lame her,..
For she is but tender-footed,..

FATHER.

Aye, indeed!..
I should not like to see her limping back,

Poor beast!.. But charity begins at home,
And, Nat, there's our own horse in such a way
This morning!

NATHANIEL.

Why he han't been rid again!
Last night I hung a pebble by the manger
With a hole through, and every body says
That 'tis a special charm against the hags.

FATHER.

It could not be a proper natural hole then,
Or 'twas not a right pebble;..for I found him
Smoking with sweat, quaking in every limb,
And panting so! Lord knows where he had been
When we were all asleep, through bush and brake,
Up-hill and down-hill all alike, full stretch
At such a deadly rate!..

NATHANIEL.

By land and water,

Over the sea, perhaps!..I have heard tell
'Tis many thousand miles off at the end
Of the world, where witches go to meet the Devil.
They used to ride on broomsticks, and to smear
Some ointment over them, and then away
Out of the window! but 'tis worse than all
To worry the poor beasts so. Shame upon it
That in a Christian country they should let
Such creatures live!

FATHER.

And when there's such plain proof!
I did but threaten her because she robb'd
Our hedge, and the next night there came a wind
That made me shake to hear it in my bed!
How came it that that storm unroof'd my barn,
And only mine in the parish?..Look at her,
And that's enough; she has it in her face!..
A pair of large dead eyes, sunk in her head,
Just like a corpse, and pursed with wrinkles round;
A nose and chin that scarce leave room between

For her lean fingers to squeeze in the snuff;
And when she speaks! I'd sooner hear a raven
Croak at my door!.. She sits there, nose and knees
Smoke-dried and shrivell'd over a starved fire,
With that black cat beside her, whose great eyes
Shine like old Beelzebub's; and to be sure
It must be one of his imps!.. Aye, nail it hard.

NATHANIEL.

I wish old Margery heard the hammer go!
She'd curse the music!

FATHER.

Here's the Curate coming,
He ought to rid the parish of such vermin!
In the old times they used to hunt them out,
And hang them without mercy; but, Lord bless us!
The world is grown so wicked!

CURATE.

Good day, Farmer!
Nathaniel, what art nailing to the threshold?

NATHANIEL.

A horse-shoe, Sir, 'tis good to keep off witchcraft,
And we're afraid of Margery.

CURATE.

Poor old woman!
What can you fear from her?

FATHER.

What can we fear?
Who lamed the Miller's boy? who raised the wind
That blew my old barn's roof down? who d'ye think
Rides my poor horse a'nights? who mocks the hounds?
But let me catch her at that trick again,
And I've a silver bullet ready for her,
One that shall lame her, double how she will.

NATHANIEL.

What makes her sit there moping by herself,

With no soul near her but that great black cat?
And do but look at her!

CURATE.

Poor wretch; half blind
And crooked with her years, without a child
Or friend in her old age, 'tis hard indeed
To have her very miseries made her crimes!
I met her but last week in that hard frost
Which made my young limbs ache, and when I ask'd
What brought her out in the snow, the poor old woman
Told me that she was forced to crawl abroad
And pick the hedges, just to keep herself
From perishing with cold, . . because no neighbour
Had pity on her age; and then she cried,
And said the children pelted her with snow-balls,
And wish'd that she were dead.

FATHER.

I wish she was!
She has plagued the parish long enough!

CURATE.

Shame, Farmer!
Is that the charity your Bible teaches?

FATHER.

My Bible does not teach me to love witches.
I know what's charity; who pays his tithes
And poor-rates readier?

CURATE.

Who can better do it?
You've been a prudent and industrious man,
And God has blest your labour.

FATHER.

Why, thank God, Sir,
I've had no reason to complain of fortune.

CURATE.

Complain! why you are wealthy! All the parish
Look up to you.

FATHER.

Perhaps, Sir, I could tell
Guinea for guinea with the warmest of them.

CURATE.

You can afford a little to the poor;
And then, what's better still, you have the heart
To give from your abundance.

FATHER.

God forbid
I should want charity!

CURATE.

Oh! 'tis a comfort
To think at last of riches well employ'd!
I have been by a death-bed, and know the worth
Of a good deed at that most awful hour
When riches profit not.

Farmer, I'm going

To visit Margery. She is sick, I hear;.
Old, poor, and sick! a miserable lot,
And death will be a blessing. You might send her
Some little matter, something comfortable,
That she may go down easier to the grave,
And bless you when she dies.

FATHER.

What! is she going?
Well God forgive her then, if she has dealt
In the black art! I'll tell my dame of it,
And she shall send her something.

CURATE.

So I'll say;
And take my thanks for hers. [*Goes.*]

FATHER.

That's a good man
That Curate, Nat, of ours, to go and visit
The poor in sickness; but he don't believe
In witchcraft, and that is not like a Christian.

NATHANIEL.

And so old Margery's dying!

FATHER.

But you know

She may recover; so drive t'other nail in.

ECLOGUE VI.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

AYE, Charles! I knew that this would fix thine eye!..
This woodbine wreathing round the broken porch,
Its leaves just withering, yet one autumn flower
Still fresh and fragrant; and yon holly-hock
That through the creeping weeds and nettles tall
Peers taller, lifting, column-like, a stem
Bright with the broad rose-blossoms. I have seen
Many an old convent reverend in decay,
And many a time have trod the castle courts
And grass-green halls, yet never did they strike
Home to the heart such melancholy thoughts
As this poor cottage. Look! its little hatch
Fleeced with that grey and wintry moss; the roof
Part moulder'd in, the rest o'ergrown with weeds,
House-leek, and long thin grass, and greener moss;

So Nature steals on all the works of man,
Sure conqueror she, reclaiming to herself
His perishable piles.
I led thee here,
Charles, not without design; for this hath been
My favourite walk even since I was a boy;
And I remember, Charles, this ruin here,
The neatest comfortable dwelling-place!
That when I read in those dear books which first
Woke in my heart the love of poesy,
How with the villagers Erminia dwelt,
And Calidore for a fair shepherdess
Forgot his quest to learn the shepherd's lore,
My fancy drew from this the little hut
Where that poor princess wept her hopeless love,
Or where the gentle Calidore at eve
Led Pastorella home. There was not then
A weed where all these nettles overtop
The garden-wall; but sweet-briar, scenting sweet
The morning air; rosemary and marjoram,
All wholesome herbs; and then, that woodbine
wreathed

So lavishly around the pillar'd porch
Its fragrant flowers, that when I past this way,
After a truant absence hastening home,
I could not chuse but pass with slacken'd speed
By that delightful fragrance. Sadly changed
Is this poor cottage! and its dwellers, Charles!..
Thèirs is a simple melancholy tale,..
There's scarce a village but can fellow it:
And yet, methinks, it will not weary thee,
And should not be untold.

A widow here
Dwelt with an orphan grandchild: just removed
Above the reach of pinching poverty,
She lived on some small pittance which sufficed,
In better times, the needful calls of life,
Not without comfort. I remember her
Sitting at evening in that open door-way,
And spinning in the sun. Methinks I see her
Raising her eyes and dark-rimm'd spectacles
To see the passer-by, yet ceasing not
To twirl her lengthening thread: or in the garden,
On some dry summer evening, walking round

To view her flowers, and pointing as she lean'd
Upon the ivory handle of her stick,
To some carnation whose o'erheavy head
Needed support; while with the watering-pot
Joanna follow'd, and refresh'd and trimm'd
The drooping plant; Joanna, her dear child,
As lovely and as happy then as youth
And innocence could make her.

Charles, it seems
As though I were a boy again, and all
The mediate years with their vicissitudes
A half-forgotten dream. I see the Maid
So comely in her Sunday dress! her hair,
Her bright brown hair, wreathed in contracting curls,
And then her cheek! it was a red and white
That made the delicate hues of art look loathsome.
The countrymen who on their way to church
Were leaning o'er the bridge, loitering to hear
The bell's last summons, and in idleness
Watching the stream below, would all look up
When she pass'd by. And her old Mother, Charles,

When I have heard some erring infidel
Speak of our faith as of a gloomy creed,
Inspiring superstitious wretchedness,
Her figure has recurred; for she did love
The Sabbath-day; and many a time hath cross'd
These fields in rain and through the winter snows,
When I, a graceless boy, wishing myself
By the fire-side, have wonder'd why *she* came
Who might have sate at home.
One only care
Hung on her aged spirit. For herself,
Her path was plain before her, and the close
Of her long journey near. But then her child
Soon to be left alone in this bad world, ...
That was a thought which many a winter night
Had kept her sleepless; and when prudent love
In something better than a servant's state
Had placed her well at last, it was a pang
Like parting life to part with her dear girl.

One summer, Charles, when at the holidays
Return'd from school, I visited again

My old accustom'd walks, and found in them
A joy almost like meeting an old friend,
I saw the cottage empty, and the weeds
Already crowding the neglected flowers.
Joanna, by a villain's wiles seduced,
Had play'd the wanton, and that blow had reach'd
Her mother's heart. She did not suffer long,
Her age was feeble, and the heavy blow
Brought her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

I pass this ruin'd dwelling oftentimes,
And think of other days. It wakes in me
A transient sadness; but the feelings, Charles,
Which ever with these recollections rise,
I trust in God they will not pass away.

ECLOGUE VII.

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

JAMES.

WHAT, Gregory! you are come, I see, to join us
On this sad business.

GREGORY.

Aye, James, I am come,
But with a heavy heart, God knows it, man!
Where shall we meet the corpse?

JAMES.

Some hour from hence;
By noon, and near about the elms, I take it.
This is not as it should be, Gregory,
Old men to follow young ones to the grave!

This morning when I heard the bell strike out,
I thought that I had never heard it toll
So dismally before.

GREGORY.

Well, well! my friend,
'Tis what we all must come to, soon or late.
But when a young man dies, in the prime of life,
One born so well, who might have blest us all
Many long years!..

JAMES.

And then the family
Extinguish'd in him, and the good old name
Only to be remember'd on a tomb-stone!
A name that has gone down from sire to son
So many generations!... Many a time
Poor Master Edward, who is now a corpse,
When but a child, would come to me and lead me
To the great family-tree, and beg of me
To tell him stories of his ancestors,

Of Eustace, he that went to the Holy Land
With Richard Lion-heart, and that Sir Henry
Who fought at Cressy in King Edward's wars;
And then his little eyes would kindle so
To hear of their brave deeds! I used to think
The bravest of them all would not out-do
My darling boy.

GREGORY.

This comes of your great schools
And college-breeding. Plague upon his guardians
That would have made him wiser than his fathers!

JAMES.

If his poor father, Gregory, had but lived,
Things would not have been so. He, poor good man,
Had little of book-learning, but there lived not
A kinder, nobler-hearted gentleman,
One better to his tenants. When he died
There was not a dry eye for miles around.
Gregory, I thought that I could never know

A sadder day than that: but what was that,
Compared with this day's sorrow?

GREGORY.

I remember,
Eight months ago, when the young Squire began
To alter the old mansion, they destroy'd
The martins' nests, that had stood undisturb'd
Under that roof,..aye! long before my memory.
I shook my head at seeing it, and thought
No good could follow.

JAMES.

Poor young man! I loved him
Like my own child. I loved the family!
Come Candlemas, and I have been their servant
For five-and-forty years. I lived with them
When his good father brought my Lady home;
And when the young Squire was born, it did me good
To hear the bells so merrily announce
An heir. This is indeed a heavy blow...

I feel it, Gregory, heavier than the weight
Of threescore years. He was a noble lad,
I loved him dearly.

GREGORY.

Every body loved him.
Such a fine, generous, open-hearted Youth!
When he came home from school at holidays,
How I rejoiced to see him! he was sure
To come and ask of me what birds there were
About my fields; and when I found a covey,
There's not a testy Squire preserves his game
More charily, than I have kept them safe
For Master Edward. And he look'd so well
Upon a fine sharp morning after them,
His brown hair frosted, and his cheek so flush'd
With such a wholesome ruddiness, .. ah, James,
But he was sadly changed when he came down
To keep his birth-day.

JAMES.

Changed! why, Gregory,
'Twas like a palsy to me, when he stepp'd
Out of the carriage. He was grown so thin,
His cheek so delicate sallow, and his eyes
Had such a dim and rakish hollowness;
And when he came to shake me by the hand,
And spoke as kindly to me as he used,
I hardly knew the voice.

GREGORY.

It struck a damp
On all our merriment. 'Twas a noble Ox
That smoked before us, and the old October
Went merrily in everflowing cans;
But 'twas a skin-deep merriment. My heart
Seem'd as it took no share. And when we drank
His health, the thought came over me what cause
We had for wishing that, and spoilt the draught.

Poor Gentleman! to think ten months ago
He came of age, and now!

JAMES.

I fear'd it then!
He look'd to me as one that was not long
For this world's business.

GREGORY.

When the Doctor sent him
Abroad to try the air, it made me certain
That all was over. There's but little hope,
Methinks, that foreign parts can help a man
When his own mother-country will not do.
The last time he came down, these bells rung so
I thought they would have rock'd the old steeple
down;
And now that dismal toll! I would have staid
Beyond its reach, but this was a last duty:
I am an old tenant of the family,
Born on the estate, and now that I've outlived it,

Why 'tis but right to see it to the grave.
Have you heard aught of the new Squire?

JAMES.

But little,
And that not well. But be he what he may
Matters not much to me. The love I bore
To the old family will not easily fix
Upon a stranger. What's on the opposite hill?
Is it not the funeral?

GREGORY.

'Tis, I think, some horsemen.
Aye! they are the black cloaks; and now I see
The white plumes on the hearse.

JAMES.

Between the trees;
'Tis hid behind them now.

GREGORY.

Aye! now we see it,
And there's the coaches following, we shall meet
About the bridge. Would that this day were over!
I wonder whose turn's next.

JAMES.

God above knows!
When youth is summon'd what must age expect!
God make us ready, Gregory, when it comes!

ECLOGUE VIII.

THE WEDDING.

TRAVELLER.

I PRAY you, wherefore are the village bells
Ringing so merrily?

WOMAN.

A wedding, Sir, ..
Two of the village folk. And they are right
To make a merry time on't while they may!
Come twelve-months hence, I warrant them they'd go
To church again more willingly than now,
If all might be undone.

TRAVELLER.

An ill-match'd pair,
So I conceive you. Youth perhaps and age?

WOMAN.

No, .. both are young enough.

TRAVELLER.

Perhaps the man then,
A lazy idler, .. one who better likes
The alehouse than his work?

WOMAN.

Why, Sir, for that
He always was a well-condition'd lad,
One who'd work hard and well; and as for drink,
Save now and then mayhap at Christmas time,
Sober as wife could wish.

TRAVELLER.

Then is the girl
A shrew, or else untidy; .. one to welcome
Her husband with a rude unruly tongue.

Or drive him from a foul and wretched home
To look elsewhere for comfort. Is it so?

WOMAN.

She's notable enough; and as for temper
The best good-humour'd girl! You see yon house,
There by the aspen-tree, whose grey leaves shine
In the wind? she lived a servant at the farm,
And often, as I came to weeding here,
I've heard her singing as she milk'd her cows
So cheerfully:..I did not like to hear her,
Because it made me think upon the days
When I had got as little on my mind,
And was as cheerful too. But she would marry,
And folks must reap as they have sown. God help
her!

TRAVELLER.

Why Mistress, if they both are well inclined,
Why should not both be happy?

WOMAN.

They've no money.

TRAVELLER.

But both can work; and sure as cheerfully
She'd labour for herself as at the farm.
And he wo'n't work the worse because he knows
That she will make his fire-side ready for him,
And watch for his return.

WOMAN.

All very well,
A little while.

TRAVELLER.

And what if they are poor?
Riches can't always purchase happiness;
And much we know will be expected there
Where much was given.

WOMAN.

All this I have heard at church!
And when I walk in the church-yard, or have been
By a death-bed, 'tis mighty comforting.
But when I hear my children cry for hunger,
And see them shiver in their rags, . . God help me!
I pity those for whom these bells ring up
So merrily upon their wedding-day,
Because I think of mine.

TRAVELLER.

You have known trouble;
These haply may be happier.

WOMAN.

Why for that
I've had my share; some sickness and some sorrow:
Well will it be for them to know no worse.
Yet had I rather hear a daughter's knell

Than her wedding-peal, Sir, if I thought her fate
Promised no better things.

TRAVELLER.

Sure, sure, good woman,
You look upon the world with jaundiced eyes!
All have their cares; those who are poor want wealth,
They who have wealth want more; so are we all
Dissatisfied, yet all live on, and each
Has his own comforts.

WOMAN.

Sir! d'ye see that horse
Turn'd out to common here by the way-side?
He's high in bone, you may tell every rib
Even at this distance. Mind him! how he turns
His head, to drive away the flies that feed
On his gall'd shoulder! There's just grass enough
To disappoint his whetted appetite.
You see his *comforts*, Sir!

TRAVELLER.

A wretched beast!
Hard labour and worse usage he endures
From some bad master. But the lot of the poor
Is not like his.

WOMAN.

In truth it is not, Sir!
For when the horse lies down at night, no cares
About to-morrow vex him in his dreams;
He knows no quarter-day, and when he gets
Some musty hay or patch of hedge-row grass,
He has no hungry children to claim part
Of his half meal!

TRAVELLER.

'Tis idleness makes want,
And idle habits. If the man will go
And spend his evenings by the alehouse fire,
Whom can he blame if there be want at home?

WOMAN.

Aye! idleness! the rich folks never fail
To find some reason why the poor deserve
Their miseries!.. Is it idleness, I pray you,
That brings the fever or the ague fit?
That makes the sick one's sickly appetite
Turn at the dry bread and potatoe meal?
Is it idleness that makes small wages fail
For growing wants?.. Six years agone, these bells
Rung on my wedding-day, and I was told
What I might look for,.. but I did not heed
Good counsel. I had lived in service, Sir;
Knew never what it was to want a meal;
Laid down without one thought to keep me sleepless
Or trouble me in sleep; had for a Sunday
My linen gown, and when the pedlar came
Could buy me a new ribbon... And my husband,..
A towardly young man and well to do,..
He had his silver buckles and his watch;
There was not in the village one who look'd

Sprucer on holidays. We married, Sir,
And we had children, but as wants increased
Wages did not. The silver buckles went,
So went the watch; and when the holiday coat
Was worn to work, no new * one in its place.
For me..you see my rags! but I deserve them,
For wilfully, like this new-married pair,
I went to my undoing.

TRAVELLER.

But the Parish...

A farmer once told the author of Malvern Hills, "that he almost constantly remarked a gradation of changes in those men he had been in the habit of employing. Young men, he said, were generally neat in their appearance, active and cheerful, till they became married and had a family, when he had observed that their silver buttons, buckles, and watches gradually disappeared, and their Sunday's clothes became common without any other to supply their place, — *but*, said he, *some good comes from this, for they will then work for whatever they can get.*"

Note to Cottle's *Malvern Hills.*

WOMAN.

Aye, it falls heavy there; and yet their pittance
Just serves to keep life in. A blessed prospect,
To slave while there is strength, in age the workhouse,
A parish shell at last, and the little bell
Toll'd hastily for a pauper's funeral!

TRAVELLER.

Is this your child?

WOMAN.

Aye, Sir; and were he drest
And clean'd, he'd be as fine a boy to look on
As the Squire's young master. These thin rags of his
Let comfortably in the summer wind;
But when the winter comes, it pinches me
To see the little wretch! I've three besides;
And, .. God forgive me! but I often wish
To see them in their coffins... God reward you!
God bless you for your charity!

TRAVELLER.

You have taught me

To give sad meaning to the village bells!

1800.

ECLOGUE IX.

THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL.

STRANGER.

WHOM are they ushering from the world, with all
This pageantry and long parade of death?

TOWNSMAN.

A long parade, indeed, Sir, and yet here
You see but half; round yonder bend it reaches
A furlong farther, carriage behind carriage.

STRANGER.

'Tis but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
Tempts me to stand a gazer.

TOWNSMAN.

Yonder schoolboy
Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show; and even
The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this;
Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this mourning. There, Sir, you behold
One of the red-gown'd worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange;..
Aye, what was worth, last week, a good half-million,
Screw'd down in yonder hearse!

STRANGER.

Then he was born
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance

TOWNSMAN.

When first I heard his death, that very wish

Leapt to my lips ; but now the closing scene
Of the comedy hath waken'd wiser thoughts ;
And I bless God, that, when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.

STRANGER.

The camel and the needle,..
Is that then in your mind?

TOWNSMAN.

Even so. The text
Is Gospel-wisdom. I would ride the camel,..
Yea leap him flying, through the needle's eye,
As easily as such a pampered soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

STRANGER.

Your pardon, Sir,
But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.

TOWNSMAN.

Your pardon too, Sir,
If, with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood! But for these barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

STRANGER.

Was his wealth
Stored fraudfully, .. the spoil of orphans wrong'd,
And widows who had none to plead their right?

TOWNSMAN.

All honest, open, honourable gains,
Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the East and West.

STRANGER.

Why judge you then
So hardly of the dead?

TOWNSMAN.

For what he left
Undone;.. for sins, not one of which is mentioned
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other Gods than those of the Creed:
Bow'd to no idols,.. but his money-bags:
Swore no false oaths, except at the custom-house:
Kept the Sabbath idle: built a monument
To honour his dead father: did no murder:
Was too old-fashion'd for adultery:
Never pick'd pockets: never bore false witness:
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbour's house, nor ox, nor ass!

STRANGER.

You knew him, then, it seems?

TOWNSMAN.

As all men know
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders;
They never hide their lights beneath a bushel.

STRANGER.

Nay, nay, uncharitable Sir! for often
Doth bounty like a streamlet flow unseen,
Freshening and giving life along its course.

TOWNSMAN.

We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives;..but as for this..
This was a pool that stagnated and stunk;
The rains of heaven engendered nothing in it
But slime and foul corruption.

STRANGER.

Yet even these

Are reservoirs whence public charity
Still keeps her channels full.

TOWNSMAN.

Now, Sir, you touch
Upon the point. This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise:
But the poor man rung never at his door;
And the old beggar, at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands, hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world,.. donations to keep open
A running charity-account with heaven:..
Retaining fees against the last assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old Arch-Lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

STRANGER.

I must needs
Believe you, Sir: .. these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages
Gape at the gaping crowd. A good March wind
Were to be pray'd for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum. The very hireling mute
Bears not a face blanker of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family!
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Costs not the soiling one white handkerchief!

TOWNSMAN.

Who should lament for him, Sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlour spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.

How could it be but thus! Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught;
The multiplication-table was his Creed,
His Pater-noster, and his Decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He in a close and dusky counting-house,
Smoke-dried and sear'd and shrivell'd up his heart.
So, from the way in which he was train'd up,
His feet departed not; he toil'd and moil'd,
Poor muck-worm! through his three-score years and ten;
And when the earth shall now be shovell'd on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within his husk, 'twould still be dirt to dirt.

STRANGER.

Yet your next newspapers will blazon him
For industry and honourable wealth
A bright example.

TOWNSMAN.

Even half a million
Gets him no other praise. But come this way
Some twelve months hence, and you will find his virtues
Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
Faith, with her torch beside, and little Cupids
Dropping upon his urn their marble tears.

1803.

ODE,

WRITTEN DURING THE NEGOCIATIONS WITH BUONAPARTE IN JANUARY, 1814.

ODE,

WRITTEN DURING THE NEGOCIATIONS WITH BUONAPARTÉ IN JANUARY, 1814.

1.

WHO counsels peace at this momentous hour,
When God hath given deliverance to the oppress'd,
And to the injured power?
Who counsels peace, when Vengeance like a flood
Rolls on, no longer now to be repress'd;
When innocent blood
From the four corners of the world cries out
For justice upon one accursed head;
When Freedom hath her holy banners spread
Over all nations, now in one just cause
United; when with one sublime accord
Europe throws off the yoke abhorr'd,
And Loyalty and Faith, and Ancient Laws
Follow the avenging sword!

2.

Woe, woe to England! woe and endless shame
If this heroic land,
False to her feelings and unspotted fame,
Hold out the olive to the Tyrant's hand!
Woe to the world if Buonaparte's throne
Be suffer'd still to stand!
For by what names shall Right and Wrong be known, ..
What new and courtly phrases must we feign
For Falsehood, Murder, and all monstrous crimes,
If that perfidious Corsican maintain
Still his detested reign,
And France, who yearns even now to break her chain,
Beneath his iron rule be left to groan!
No! by the innumerable dead,
Whose blood hath for his lust of power been shed,
Death only can for his foul deeds atone!
That peace which Death and judgment can bestow,
That peace be Buonaparte's, .. that alone!

3.

For sooner shall the Ethiop change his skin,
Or from the Leopard shall her spots depart,
Than this man change his old flagitious heart.
Have ye not seen him in the balance weigh'd,
And there found wanting? On the stage of blood
Foremost the resolute adventurer stood;
And when by many a battle won,
He placed upon his brow the crown,
Curbing delirious France beneath his sway,
Then, like Octavius in old time,
Fair name might he have handed down,
Effacing many a stain of former crime.
Fool! should he cast away that bright renown!
Fool! the redemption proffer'd should he lose!
When Heaven such grace vouchsafed him that the way
To Good and Evil lay
Before him, which to chuse.

4.

But Evil was his Good,
For all too long in blood had he been nurst,
And ne'er was earth with fouler tyrant curst.
Bold man and bad,
Remorseless, godless, full of fraud and lies,
And black with murders and with perjuries,
Himself in Hell's whole panoply he clad;
No law but his own headstrong will he knew,
No counsellor but his own wicked heart!
From evil thus portentous strength he drew,
And trampled under foot all human ties,
All holy laws, all natural charities.

5.

O France! beneath this fierce Barbarian's sway
Disgraced thou art to all succeeding times!
Rapine and blood and fire have mark'd thy way,
All loathsome, all unutterable crimes!
A curse is on thee, France! from far and wide
It hath gone up to Heaven! All lands have cried

For vengeance upon thy detested head!
All nations curse thee, France! for wheresoe'er
In peace or war thy banner hath been spread,
All forms of human woe have follow'd there.
The Living and the Dead
Cry out alike against thee! They who bear
Crouching beneath its weight thine iron yoke,
Join in the bitterness of secret prayer
The voice of that innumerable throng,
Whose slaughter'd spirits day and night invoke
The everlasting Judge of right and wrong,
How long, O Lord! Holy and just, how long!

6.

A merciless oppressor hast thou been,
Thyself remorselessly oppress'd meantime;
Greedy of war, when all that thou couldst gain
Was but to dye thy soul with deeper crime,
And rivet faster round thyself the chain.
O blind to honour, and to interest blind,
When thus in abject servitude resign'd

To this barbarian upstart, thou couldst brave
God's justice, and the heart of humankind!
Madly thou thoughtest to enslave the world,
Thyself the while a miserable slave!
Behold the flag of vengeance is unfurl'd!
The dreadful armies of the North advance!
While England, Portugal, and Spain combined,
Give their triumphant banners to the wind,
And stand victorious in the fields of France!

7.

One man hath been for ten long wretched years
The cause of all this blood and all these tears!
One man in this most awful point of time
Draws on thy danger, as he caused thy crime.
Wait not too long the event,
For now whole Europe comes against thee bent!
His wiles and their own strength the nations know:
Wise from past wrongs, on future peace intent,
The people and the princes with one mind
From all parts move against the general foe:

One act of justice, one atoning blow,
One execrable head laid low,
Even yet, O France! averts thy punishment.
Open thine eyes! too long hast thou been blind!
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

8.

Oh if thou lovest thine ancient fame,
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame!
By the bones which bleach on Jaffa's beach;
By the blood which on Domingo's shore
Hath clogg'd the carrion-birds with gore;
By the flesh which gorged the wolves of Spain,
Or stiffen'd on the snowy plain
Of frozen Moscovy;
By the bodies which lie all open to the sky,
Tracking from Elbe to Rhine the Tyrant's flight;
By the widow's and the orphan's cry;
By the childless parent's misery;
By the lives which he hath shed;
By the ruin he hath spread;

By the prayers which rise for curses on his head;
Redeem, O France! thine ancient fame!
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame!
Open thine eyes!..too long hast thou been blind!
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

9.

By those horrors which the night
Witness'd when the torches' light
To the assembled murderers show'd
Where the blood of Condé flow'd;
By thy murder'd Pichegru's fame;
By murder'd Wright,..an English name;
By murder'd Palm's atrocious doom;
By murder'd Hofer's martyrdom;
Oh by the virtuous blood thus vilely spilt,
The Villain's own peculiar private guilt,
Open thine eyes! too long hast thou been blind!
Take vengeance for thyself and for mankind!
Pluck from the Upstart's head thy sullied crown!
Down with the Tyrant, with the Murderer down!

ODE,

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER, 1814.

ODE,

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER, 1814.

1.

When shall the Island Queen of Ocean lay
The thunderbolt aside,
And, twining olives with her laurel crown,
Rest in the Bower of Peace?

2.

Not long may this unnatural strife endure
Beyond the Atlantic deep;
Not long may men, with vain ambition drunk
And insolent in wrong,
Afflict with their misrule the indignant land
Where Washington hath left
His awful memory
A light for after times!
Vile instruments of fallen Tyranny

In their own annals by their countrymen
For lasting shame shall they be written down!
Soon may the better Genius there prevail!
Then will the Island Queen of Ocean lay
The thunderbolt aside,
And, twining olives with her laurel crown,
Rest in the Bower of Peace.

3.

But not in ignominious ease
Within the Bower of Peace supine
The Ocean Queen shall rest!
Her other toils await, . .
A holier warfare, . . nobler victories;
And amaranthine wreaths,
Which, when the laurel crown grows sere,
Will live for ever green.

4.

Hear me, O England! rightly may I claim
Thy favourable audience, Queen of Isles,

My Mother-land revered!
For in the perilous hour,
When weaker spirits stood aghast,
And sophist tongues, to thy dishonour bold,
Spit their cold venom on the public ear,
My voice was heard, .. a voice of hope,
Of confidence and joy, ...
Yea of such prophecy
As wisdom to her sons doth aye vouchsafe,
When with pure heart and diligent desire
They seek the fountain springs,
And of the ages past
Take counsel reverently.

5.

Nobly hast thou stood up
Against the foulest Tyranny that ere
In elder or in later times,
Hath outraged humankind!
O glorious England, thou hast borne thyself
Religiously and bravely in that strife!

And happier victory hath blest thine arms
Than in the days of yore,
Thine own Plantagenets achieved,
Or Marlborough, wise in council as in field,
Or Wolfe, heroic name!
Now gird thyself for other war!
Look round thee, and behold what ills
Remediable and yet unremedied
Afflict man's wretched race!
Put on the panoply of faith!
Bestir thyself against thine inward foes,
Ignorance and Want, with all their brood
Of miseries and of crimes.

6.

Powerful thou art: imperial Rome,
When in the Augustan age she closed
The temple of the two-faced God,
Could boast no power like thine.
Less opulent was Spain,
When Mexico her sumless riches sent

To that proud monarchy;
And Hayti's ransack'd caverns gave their gold;
And from Potosi's recent veins
The unabating stream of treasure flow'd.
And blest art thou, above all nations blest,
For thou art Freedom's own beloved Isle!
The light of Science shines
Conspicuous like a beacon on thy shores:
Thy martyrs purchased at the stake
Faith uncorrupt for thine inheritance;
And by thine hearths Domestic Purity,
Safe from the infection of a tainted age,
Hath kept her sanctuaries.
Yet, O dear England! powerful as thou art,
And rich and wise and blest,
Yet would I see thee, O my Mother-land,
Mightier and wealthier, wiser, happier still!

7.

For still doth Ignorance
Maintain large empire here,

Dark and unblest amid surrounding lights;
Even as within this favour'd spot,
Earth's wonder and her pride,
The traveller on his way
Beholds with weary eye
Bleak moorland, noxious fen, and lonely heath,
In drear extension spread.
Oh grief, that spirits of celestial seed,
Whom ever-teeming Nature hath brought forth,
With all the human faculties divine
Of sense and soul endued, . .
Disherited of knowledge and of bliss
The creatures of brute life
Should grope in darkness lost!

8.

Must this reproach endure?
Honour and praise to him
The universal friend,
The general benefactor of mankind;
He who from Coromandel's shores

His perfected discovery brought;
He by whose generous toils
This foul reproach ere long shall be effaced,
This root of evil be eradicate!
Yea, generations yet unborn
Shall owe their weal to him,
And future nations bless
The honour'd name of Bell.

9.

Now may that blessed edifice
Of public good be rear'd
Which holy Edward traced,
The spotless Tudor, he whom Death
Too early summon'd to his heavenly throne!
For Brunswick's line was this great work reserved
For Brunswick's fated line;
They who from papal darkness, and the thrall
Of that worst bondage which doth hold
The immortal spirit chain'd,
Saved us in happy hour.

Fitly for them was this great work reserved;
So, Britain, shall thine aged monarch's wish
Receive its due accomplishment,
That wish which with the good
(Had he no other praise)
Through all succeeding times would rank his name,
That all within his realms
Might learn the Book, which all
Who rightly learn, shall live!

10.

From public fountains the perennial stream
Of public weal must flow.
O England, wheresoe'er thy churches stand,
There on that sacred ground
Where the rich harvest of mortality
Is laid, as in a garner, treasured up,
There plant the Tree of Knowledge! Water it
With thy perpetual bounty! It shall spread
Its branches o'er the venerable pile,
Shield it against the storm,
And bring forth fruits of life.

11.

Train up thy children, England! in the ways
Of righteousness, and feed them with the bread
Of wholesome doctrine. Where hast thou thy mines
But in their industry?
Thy bulwarks where but in their breasts?
Thy might but in their arms?
Shall not their numbers therefore be thy wealth,
Thy strength, thy power, thy safety, and thy pride?
Oh grief then, grief and shame,
If in this flourishing land
There should be dwellings where the new-born babe
Doth bring unto its parent's soul no joy!
Where squalid Poverty
Receives it at its birth,
And on her wither'd knees
Gives it the scanty food of discontent!

12.

Queen of the Seas, enlarge thyself!
Redundant as thou art of life and power,

Be thou the hive of nations,
And send thy swarms abroad!
Send them like Greece of old,
With arts and science to enrich
The uncultivated earth;
But with more precious gifts than Greece or Tyre,
Or elder Egypt, to the world bequeath'd;
Just laws, and rightful polity,
And, crowning all, the dearest boon of Heaven,
Its word and will reveal'd.

13.

Queen of the Seas enlarge thyself,
Send thou thy swarms abroad!
For in the years to come,
Though centuries or millenniums intervene,
Where'er thy progeny,
Thy language, and thy spirit shall be found,
If on Ontario's shores,
Or late-explored Missouri's pastures wide,
Or in that Austral world long sought,

The many-isled Pacific,.. yea where waves,
Now breaking over coral reefs, affright
The venturous mariner,
When islands shall have grown, and cities risen
In cocoa groves embower'd;..
Where'er thy language lives,
By whatsoever name the land be call'd,
That land is English still.
Thrones fall, and Dynasties are changed;
Empires decay and sink
Beneath their own unwieldy weight;
Dominion passeth like a cloud away:
The imperishable mind
Survives all meaner things.

14.

Train up thy children, England, in the ways
Of righteousness, and feed them with the bread
Of wholesome doctrine. Send thy swarms abroad!
Send forth thy humanizing arts,
Thy stirring enterprize,

Thy liberal polity, thy Gospel light!
Illume the dark idolater,
Reclaim the savage! O thou Ocean Queen,
Be these thy toils when thou hast laid
The thunderbolt aside.
He who hath blest thine arms
Will bless thee in these holy works of Peace!
Father! thy kingdom come, and as in Heaven
Thy will be done on Earth!

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